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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

A Whisper to a Newly Married Pair, from a Widowed Wife. Second Edition. 12mo. pp. 138. Wellington, Salop, 1824. Houlston & Son. London, Scatcherd & Co. Fairly taken in by a title: *A Whisper*; "ma conscience," but the writer whispers into husbands' ears with a voice of thunder! The book is divided into two parts; the last containing counsels to the Benedict; the last, advice to the Wife. Both are in the genuine spirit of womanhood;—the harshest term employed in the second division is "gentle lady;"—the gentlest, in the first, "Proud lord" or "unhallowed man."

However, as it is good to take a schooling, or even a scolding, now and then, we shall from this manual give our male readers a lesson how they ought to behave (matrimonially,) according to the Canon law and usages of Wellington, Salop. We be to them if they offend against these, for heavy are the penalties against transgressors. Days of ease, or nights of pleasure, shall they taste not; pleasant looks shall they see not; complacent words shall they hear not; inclinations shall they gratify not; recreations shall they pursue not; acquiescence in aught, be it great or small, shall they meet not. But pain, opposition, and contradiction, shall be their food, diet, and entertainment for evermore. Where not beaten back by direct resistance, they shall be driven from their strong holds by oblique perseverance; where stout measures fail against them, they shall be conquered by a dribbling continuation of slight; and far better is it for them, for peace, for quiet, for order, and for every other imaginable good reason, that they yield at once, without putting their (Shropshire) Shrews to the trouble of wheedling, baffling, thwarting, tormenting, and torturing them into the proper course, for their own terrestrial comfort and celestial welfare.

Our fair and intelligent Author having, as she tells us, experience for her guide, (though we really are not surprised at her being a Widow,) sets these matters in a tolerably clear light,—making a few allowances for the superiority of the female over the other sex.

A man, in the first instance, must ever hold in remembrance, that his wife has made great sacrifices to him; in short, has given up everything for his sake! Grateful for this,—the maxims for his "general conduct" (*Whisper third*, p. 11) are, "Make it an established rule to consult your wife on all occasions; and undertake no plan contrary to her advice and approbation;"—and the rationale of this is very conclusive, for there is in all "women" (*Whisper continued*, p. 12) an intuitive quickness, a sagacity, a penetration, and a foresight into the probable consequences of an event, that make her peculiarly calculated to give her opinion and advice."

So far a blind, senseless man may be enabled to go on pretty safely, prospectively; but it is equally needful that he should cor-

rect the past errors into which he fell before he enjoyed such admirable illuminations, and *Whisper* continues to arrange some of these points.

"Have you any male acquaintance, whom, on reasonable grounds, your wife wishes you to resign? Why should you hesitate? Of what consequence can be the civilities, or even the friendship, of any one, compared with the wishes of her with whom you have to spend your life—whose comfort you have sworn to attend to; and who has a right to demand, not only such a trifling compliance, but great sacrifices, if necessary?"

After having dismissed his old associates, a man (*Whisper*, p. 12) must give up every thing else in the universe, for which his beloved partner thinks fit to cry. "Words, looks, actions—all may be artificial; but a *tear* is unequivocal; it comes direct from the heart, and speaks at once the language of truth, nature, and sincerity! Be assured, when you see a tear on her cheek, her heart is touched."

The unhappy man, not to see her unhappy, and raining "woman's weapons,—water drops," is bound to give in accordingly; and Wellington Widow fits the case as a boot would his leg, for she exclaims, "My good Sir, allow me to ask what was your motive in marrying? Was it to oblige or please *yourself*? No, truly; it was to oblige and please *yourself*, your own dear self. Had she refused to marry you, you would have been (in lovers' phrase) a very miserable man. Did you never tell her so? Therefore, really, instead of upbraiding her, you should be very grateful to her for rescuing you from such an unhappy fate."

The remaining rules for general conduct, plainly prove that there is no kind of wife whom a husband ought not to worship—if mean, she may be fond; if ugly, she may be amiable; if a scold, she must have his good at heart; if a bad cook, she may be a nice wet nurse; if barren, a pleasing companion; if a shatteringly dresser, a sharp housekeeper; if a careless housekeeper, a clever schoolmistress; and if all these negatives together, she is nevertheless positively the best wife for the individual husband which the world could produce.

The next Chapter, iv., is assigned to a *Whisper* on the home subject of "Constancy and Fidelity."

"I do not think (says our fair Salopian) that wives in general (though quite divested in other respects of envy or jealousy) feel any very over-boiling pleasure at hearing their husbands run on in enthusiastic encomiums on other women. I knew a gentleman who was constantly in the habit of saying, 'O dear, such a charming woman!—such beautiful eyes! such a fine-turned shape! and elegant manners!' &c. And I have at the same moment glanced at his wife, and observed a degree of awkwardness on her countenance, struggling with an effort to look pleased. And yet, had any

one but her husband been the panegyrist, she would have listened most probably with pleasure, and heartily concurred in the encomium. You call this jealousy! No; in truth, I call it a *natural* feeling, which can be better felt than described."

"Proud lords of the creation, let me intrust your attention to the above."

Dare to stray—

"Lost to feeling, lost to virtue, lost to heaven, go on in thy vile pursuits: and when the Almighty tells you, the adulterer shall not inherit his kingdom, mock at the threat, and, for the sake of this horrible crime, welcome hell! welcome flames! welcome devils!"

As this is on a matter of feeling, not of description, we abstain from criticising what we do not comprehend—farther than that the petticoat seems wrathful and warm. On domestic habits, *Chap.* and *Whisper* v., the author is a little milder and cooler.

"Sometimes, if husband and wife happen to spend the day, or evening, from home, scarcely does his lordship address a word to her during the time; scarcely does he go near her; and at night, when a little attention would be really necessary in muffling and preparing her to go out, *he* do such an unfashionable thing? No, truly. She may wrap round her mantle, or the down her bonnet herself; and coughs and colds, with all their train of rheumatic ill, may assail her; but *he* will pay her no such attention. Admirable character!"

"Other men there are, all cheerfulness, gaiety, and good-humour, while in the houses of their neighbours; who, as they return home, and knock at their own hall-door, appear to turn round, and say to their harmonious attendants, cheerfulness and good-humour, 'My good friends, I am now about entering my *own* doors, where I shall probably remain, for a few days, totally destitute of all society but that of my wife and family. Of course, it will be quite unnecessary for me to trouble you again till Monday next, when I am to dine at my friend, Mr. B.'s, with a large party: I know I may be certain of your attendance on that day; till then, good-bye!—shake hands!—good-bye, my two worthy friends;—good-bye!' Then, entering the hall, he hangs up his violin (as some one or other remarks) behind the door, and, proceeding, he arrives in the parlour. 'O dear, such a fire!—Just five o'clock, and no sign of dinner!—Well! what an irregular house!' His wife then pulls the bell, and up comes dinner. 'Why, I thought this beef was to have been roasted? You know I detest boiled beef!—Oh, really, those fowls are quite underdone!—Why, surely, you might yourself have given some directions!' 'O! ay, an excuse! Excuses never fail when there is occasion for them!' Such is the language of this fine *manly* man; his ill-humour and loud-speaking rising in proportion to the silence and gentleness of his wife. Admirable character, again, say I! a mausoleum should be erected to your memory!"

Whisper vi. is devoted to our instruction under the head of *absence*; the chief piece of proper behaviour connected with which is noticed in the following:—

"I really think a husband, whenever he goes from home, should always endeavour, if possible, to bring back some little present to his wife. If ever so trifling or valueless, still the attention gratifies her; and to call forth a smile of good humour, should be always a matter of importance."

A silk gown, or a shawl, now; a pretty dressing-case, or some smuggled gloves, stockings, or lace—

Since trifles make the sum of human things,
And half our misery from those trifles springs.

The next *Whisper*, on Expenditure, is quite in keeping:

"In pecuniary matters, do not be penurious, or too particular. Your wife has an equal right with yourself to all your worldly possessions. 'With all my worldly goods I thee endow,' was one of the most solemn vows that ever escaped your lips; and if she be a woman of prudence, she will in all her expences be reasonable and economical: what more can you desire?—Besides, really, a woman has innumerable trifling demands on her purse, innumerable little wants, which it is not necessary for a man to be informed of, and which, if he even went to the trouble of investigating, he would hardly understand. . . .

"I really cannot see the necessity of obliging her to account to you for the exact manner in which she has laid out each penny in the pound. Pray, do allow her the power of buying a yard of muslin, or a few pennyworth of pins, without consulting the august tribunal of your judgment whether they shall be quaker-pins or minikins."

Nothing can be more confiding and more proper; the fellow who acted otherwise should be made a pin cushion of, and have all the minikins, and quaker-pins too, stuck into his roundest part. If this did not teach him to sit still, it would teach him to be less inquisitive when he was allowed to go about. But yet a man might under these circumstances enjoy too much independence, and, in fact, fancy himself of some consequence in the world. To cure him of this ridiculous notion, and reduce him at once to his proper station of factor for others, and slave to his sovereign wife, it is *Whispered* (p. 37) "When once a man has entered the marriage state, he should look on his property as belonging to his family, and act and economize accordingly."

We have now shown Gentlemen how they ought to acquit themselves to the satisfaction of their dear helpmates, unless they utterly forget the delightful life pictured by our immortal bard (whom one imagine in this to have been inspired by a Mrs. Shakespeare)

"It was the copy of our conference:
In bed, he slept not for my urging it;
At board, he fed not for my urging it;
Alone, it was the subject of my theme;
In company, I often glanced at it;
Still did I tell him it was vile and bad."

Should this not terrify men into passive obedience, they will learn that

When you would give all worldly plagues a name,
Worse than they have already, call 'em Wife:—

for so much are we indebted to the fair Author of this useful volume, who has put us distinctly in the way to enjoy

Domestic happiness, the only bliss
Of Paradise that has survived the fall.

As Wives need very little advice, and would not take it if they did; we shall not prolong our Review by quotations from the *Whispers* of Part II. There is indeed but one piece of advice which we beg to enforce, as it may prevent many, very many excellent women from falling into a mistake which their sex is extremely apt to commit. It is this (*Whisper*, p. 78): "I never would recommend a wife to have on a visit with her an attractive girl. Novelty and constant opportunity are so powerful, and the young lady, full of vanity, and wholly divested of care, forms perhaps a very agreeable contrast to the many anxieties and annoyances which may at times cloud the brow of the best tempered wife in the world. Do not entangle yourself with the cause, if it can be avoided; and you will not have to lament its effects."

With this so necessary caution we humbly take our leave. Far be it from us to suspect from the work we have reviewed, that the family parties at "Wellington, Salop," are

"One eternal tempest of debate,"

wherein of man and wife

"Both would their little ends secure;
He sighs for freedom, she for power:
His wishes tend abroad to roam,
And hers to domicile at home."

On the contrary, we hope and trust, from its popularity in running to a Second Edition, that all matters in that quarter have been settled amicably by this Publication, and that all the wives of Wellington and its neighbourhood are allowed without dispute to wear the *Wellingtons*.

The Old English Drama; a Selection of Plays from the Old English Dramatists. London 1824. C. Baldwin; R. Triphook; and J. H. Burn.

On the appearance of the first Number of this publication, "*The Second Maiden's Tragedy*" (never before printed), from the Lansdown Collection, we expressed ourselves much pleased with the plan laid down, the execution of its earliest specimen, and the very moderate price affixed to it. Our good opinion has since been strengthened, by the successive receipt of Nos. II. III. & IV. in the same style of neatness, and of equal literary merit. The plays are, "*A Pleasant Conceited Comedy, showing how a Man may chuse a Good Wife from a Bad*;" anonymous, but ascribed, by supposition, to Joshua Cooke, or to John Cooke, the author of Green's *Tu Quoque*, and honoured by five editions between 1602 and 1634: "*The Ball*," a comedy,* by George

* "This excellent old Comedy (says the preface) was licensed to be acted on the 16th of November 1632, and the representation appears, from the MSS. of Sir Henry Herbert, the Master of the Revels, to have given great offence. 'In the play of *The Ball*,' says he, 'written by Shirley, and acted by the Queen's Players, there were divers personated so lively, both of Lords and others of the Court, that I took it ill, and would have forbidden the Play, but that Biston (Christopher Beeston) promised many things, which I found fault withal, should be left out, and that he would not suffer it to be done by the Poet any more, who deserves to be punished; and the first that offends in this kind, of Poets or Players, shall be sure of public punishment.' From an allusion to this Play in the following passage in Shirley's *Lady of Pleasure*, it appears not unlikely that the admonition of the Master of the Revels induced the poets to leave out some of the more obnoxious parts in the publication of it.

"Another game you have, which consumes more
Your fain than purse, your revels in the night.
Your meeting; call'd *The Ball*, to which appear,
As to the Court of Pleasure, all your gallants
And ladies, thither bound by a subpana
Of Venus and small Cupid's high displeasure:
'Tis but the Family of Love, translated
Into more costly sin; there was a play on't;

Chapman and James Shirley, principally by the latter:—and "*The Rape of Lucrece*," a tragedy, by Thomas Heywood; which also ran through five editions between 1608 and 1638.

In "*The Pleasant Conceited Comedy*," we find some of the gems which generally sparkle in the dramatic productions of the Elizabethan age; but the broad and coarse mass of composition in which they are imbedded, as is also frequently the case with the plays of that period, renders the search for them more disagreeable and toilsome than is recompensed by the reward of finding them. The action, too, hinges on a state of society such as we can now-a-days hardly form any conception of; and which was only traditional (if ever it could exist) at the time when the play was written: we allude to that popular foundation for so many tales, poems, and dramas, which was laid upon the enduring love and fidelity of a woman, under every barbarous insult and cruel wrong which could be heaped upon her by the object of her attachment. The Patient Grissel breed were exhibited in circumstances at war with nature; degraded, passionless, and, if they could submit to their injuries (as represented) worthy of the worst. The race, at least, is extinct; and the companion meet for man would no longer doat on the monster, who, in his freaks to try her affections, or indulge his own without caring for them, would live apart from her for some twenty years, and even murder her children, as it were, for the mere pleasure of rewarding her constancy, by taking her back in advanced life, and raising another family.

But, with these defects, there is much to admire and laugh at in this play; and modern dramatists might take some excellent hints from it. Three of the male characters are very original and entertaining: old Master Lusam, a mere Echo of other people's sayings and sentiments; old Master Arthur, a testy fellow, so contradictory that he even contradicts himself, and thus involves the echoing Lusam in the most ludicrous absurdities; and Justice Reason, who delivers the truest common-places and most obvious truisms with the dogmatism of an oracle. Sir Aminadab, a schoolmaster, resembles Shakespeare's Sir Hugh Evans; and the ladies, gallants, boys, braggadocios, and servants, have their prototypes in the usual cut of the times. Yet the lovers sometimes express themselves in good set terms; for example, young Anselm says very prettily, in the beginning, though running into a conceit—

And had the Poet not been brib'd to a modest
Expression of your antic gambols in't,
Some dark had been discovered; and the deeds too;
In time he may repent, and make some blush.

To see the second part danc'd on the stage."

† The forthcoming Nos. V. to VIII. inclusive, are advertised to give Albertus Wallenstein, and The Lady's Privilege, a tragedy and comedy, by Henry Glapthorne; Love's Mistress, a masque, by T. Heywood; and Dido, Queen of Carthage, by Christopher Marlowe & T. Nash.

‡ Mistress Arthur declares in this very play, and the whole proceeds on such feelings—

Sweet husband, if I be not fair enough
To please your eye, range where you list abroad,
Only, at coming home, speak me but fair:
If you delight to change, change when you please,
So that you will not change your love to me.
If you delight to see me drudge and toil,
I'll be your drudge, because 'tis your delight.
Or if you think me unworthy of the name
Of your chaste wife, I will become your maid,
Your slave, your servant, any thing you will,
If for that name of servant, and of slave,
You will but smile upon me now and then.
Or if, as I well think, you cannot love me,
Love where you list, only but say you love me:
I'll feed on shadows, let the substance go;
Will you deny me such a small request?

"What fools they are that seem most wise in love;

How wise they are that are but fools in love. Before I was a lover I had reason To judge of matters, censure of all sorts, Nay, I had wit to call a lover fool, And look into his folly with bright eyes, But now intruding love dwells in my brain, And frantically hath shoulder'd reason thence: I am not old, and yet, alas! I doat; I have not lost my sight, and yet am blind; No bondman, yet have lost my liberty; No natural fool, and yet I want my wit. What am I then? let me define myself, A dotard young, a blind man that can see, A witty fool, a bond-man that is free.

To which piece of declamation his friend smartly answers— Good aged youth, blind seer, and wise fool, Loose your free bonds, and set your thoughts to school.

The complication of the plot, founded as we have stated it to be, is excellent; and the incidents, allowing for the same origin, are at once natural and striking. The Griselda, Mistress Arthur, whom her husband intends to poison, but is deceived into giving her a sleeping potion, is laid in the vault of the church; and Anselm, her adorer, pays a melancholy visit to her tomb—which scene, though it remind readers both of Romeo and Juliet and Hamlet, is ably drawn, and displays very considerable power of language. We will quote its leading passages—

Anselm (solus.) What frantic humour doth thus haunt my sense, Striving to breed destruction in my spirit? When I would sleep, the ghost of my sweet love Appears unto me in an angel's shape: When I'm awake, my fantasy presents, As in a glass, the shadow of my love: When I would speak, her name intrudes itself Into the perfect echoes of my speech: And though my thought beget some other word, Yet will my tongue speak nothing but her name. If I do meditate, it is on her; If dream of her, or if discourse of her, I think her ghost doth haunt me, as in times Of former darkness old wives' tales report.

Enter Fuller. Here comes my better genius, whose advice Directs me still in all my actions. How now, from whence come you?

Fuller. 'Faith, from the street, in which, as I pass'd by, I met the modest Mistress Arthur's corpse, And after her, as mourners, first, her husband, Next, Justice Reason, then, old Master Arthur, Old Master Lusam, and young Lusam too, With many other kinsfolks, neighbours, friends, And others, that lament her funeral: Her body is by this laid in the vault.

Ans. And in that vault my body I will lay; I prythee leave me; thither is my way. - - -

- - - As ever thou didst love me, or as ever Thou didst delight in my society,

By all the rights of friendship and of love, Let me entreat thy absence but one hour, And at the hour's end I will come to thee.

Ful. Nay, if you will be foolish, and past reason,

I'll wash my hands, like Pilate, from thy folly, And suffer thee in these extremities. [Exit.]

Ans. Now it is night, and the bright lamps of heaven

Are half burnt out: now bright Adelbora becomes the cheerful day-star to the east, And harmless stillness hath possess'd the world: This is the church,—this hollow is the vault, Where the dead body of my saint remains, And this the coffin that enshrines her body, For her bright soul is now in paradise. My coming is with no intent of sin, Or to defile the body of the dead; But rather take my last farewell of her, Or languishing and dying by her side,

My airy soul post after her's to heaven.

[Comes to Mistress Arthur's tomb.]

First, with this latest kiss I seal my love: Her lips are warm, and I am much deceiv'd If that she stir not. O, this Golgotha, This place of dead men's bones, is terrible, Presenting fearful apparitions! It is some spirit that in the coffin lies, And makes my hair start up on end with fear! Come to thyself, faint heart;—she sits upright! O, I would hide me, but I know not where. Tush, if it be a spirit, 'tis a good spirit; For, with her body living, ill she knew not; And, with her body dead, ill cannot meddle.

The parallel passages in Shakespeare cannot escape recollection; but still there is much to admire in the above. The following praise of gold is also good, as an example of the familiar, and, as far as we can remember, more original—

Mis. Splay. And, as I told you, being fair, I Sweet daughter, you were as fortunate. [Wish, When any sutor comes to ask thy love, Look not into his words, but into his sleeve; If thou canst learn what language his purse speaks, Be rul'd by that, that's golden eloquence. Money can make a slaving tongue speak plain. If he that loves thee be deform'd and rich, Accept his love, gold hides deformity. Gold can make limping Vulcan walk upright; Make squint eyes straight, a crabbed face look smooth;

Gilds copper noses, makes them look like gold; Fills age's wrinkles up, and makes a face, As old as Nestor's, look as young as Cupid's. If thou wilt arm thyself against all shifts, Regard all men according to their gifts. This, if thou practise, thou, when I am dead, Wilt say, Old Mother Splay soft laid thy head.

But the chief comic humour rests with Aminadab and his pupils, especially a lout Pipkin, who is also servant to Mr. Arthur. We select a few brief specimens "In School:—"

Amin. Why, then, dic mihi, speak, where hast thou been?

Pip. Forsooth, my mistress sent me of an errand to fetch my master from the Exchange; we had strangers at home at dinner, and, but for them, I had not come *tarde*; *quæso preceptor*.

Amin. Construe your lesson, parse it, *ad unguem et condemnato* too, I'll pardon thee. Pip. That I will, master, an if you'll give me leave.

Amin. *Propria quæ maribus tribuuntur mascula dicas; expone, expone*.

Pip. Construe it, master, I will; *dicas*, they say, *propria*, the proper man, *quæ maribus*, that loves marrow bones, *mascula*, miscall'd me.

Amin. A pretty, quaint, and new construction.

Pip. I warrant you, master, if there be marrow bones in my lesson, I am an old dog at them. How construe you this, master, *rostra disertus amat*?

Amin. *Disertus*, a desert, *amat*, doth love, *rostra*, roast meat.

Pip. A good construction on an empty stomach. Master, now I have construed my lesson, my mistress would pray you to let me come home to go of an errand.

Amin. *Ury tres sequuntur*, and away.

Pip. *Canis* a hog, *rana* a dog, *porcus* a frog, *Abeundum* est mihi. [Exit.]

Amin. Yours, sirrah, too, and then *ad prandium*.

1st Boy. *Apis* a bee, *genu* a knee, *Vulcanus*, Doctor Dee: *Viginti minus usus* est mihi.

Amin. By Juno's lip and Saturn's thumb It was *bonus*, *bona*, *bonum*.

2d Boy. *Vitrum*, glass, *spica*, grass, *tu es asinus*, you are an ass. *Precor tibi feticem noctem*.

Amin. *Claudite jam libros, pueri, sat prate bibistis*, [Exit.]

Look, when you come again, you tell me *ubi* He that minds trish-trash, and will not have care of his *rodia*,

Him I will be-lish-lash, and have a fling at his *podix*. - - - [Exeunt Boys.]

Justice Reason. - - - But, Sir Aminadab, Is that your scholar? now, I promise you, He is a toward stripping of his age.

Pip. Who I, forsooth? yes, indeed, forsooth, I am his scholar. I would you should well think I have profited under him too; you shall hear, if he will pose me.

O. Art. I pray you, let's hear him.

Amin. *Huc ades*, Pipkin.

Pip. *Adsum*.

Amin. *Quod casus sunt*? how many cases are there?

Pip. Marry, a great many.

Amin. Well answer'd, a great many; there are Six, a great many; 'tis well answer'd; [Six, And which be they?

Pip. A bow-case, a cap-case, a comb-case, a lute-case, a fiddle-case, and a candle-case.

Justice. I know them all; again, well answer'd: Pray God, my youngest son profit no worse.

Amin. How many parsons are there?

Pip. I'll tell you as many as I know, if you'll give me leave to reckon them.

Ans. I prythee, do.

Pip. The parson of Fenchurch, the parson of Pancras, and the parson of—

Y. Art. Well, sir, about your business. - - -

Aminadab's grace at dinner seems to be a whimsical parody upon that of Apemantus in Timon—

Gloria Deo, sirs, preface; Attend me now, whilst I say grace. For bread and salt, for grapes and malt, For flesh and fish, and every dish; Mutton and beef, of all meats chief; For cow-heels, chitterlings, tripes, and souse, And other meat that's in the house; For racks, for breasts, for legs, for loins, For pies with raisins, and with prunes, For fritters, pan-cakes, and for fries, For ven'son pasties, and minc'd pies; Sheep's-head and garlic, brawn and mustard, Wafers, spic'd cakes, tart, and custard; For capons, rabbits, pigs, and geese, For apples, caraways, and cheese; For all these, and many mo', *Benedicamus Domino!*

All. Amen.

When Pipkin's mistress (apparently) dies, we have another to lerable exhibition of that Clown's humour—

Enter Hugh, and after him, Pipkin.

Hugh. My master hath left his gloves behind where he sat in his chair, and hath sent me to fetch them; it is such an old snudge, he'll not lose the droppings of his nose.

Pip. O, mistress! O, Hugh! O, Hugh! O, mistress! Hugh, I must needs beat thee; I am mad! I am lumatic! I must fall upon thee: my mistress is dead!

Hugh. O, Master Pipkin, what do you mean? what do you mean, Master Pipkin?

Pip. O, Hugh! O, mistress! O, mistress! O, Hugh!

Hugh. O, Pipkin! O, God! O, God! O, Pipkin!

Pip. O, Hugh, I am mad! bear with me, I cannot chuse: O, death! O, mistress! O, mistress! O, death!

Hugh. Death, quotha; he hath almost made me dead with beating. - - -

We have indulged ourselves in quoting so much that we can only allow small space for illustrating the characters of the three ancients, whom we have mentioned as rather humorous originals. The contradictory fellow and his opposite are cleverly contrasted—

Enter Old Master Arthur and Old Master Lusam.

O. Art. 'Tis told me, Master Lusam, that my son

And your chaste daughter, whom we match'd

Wrangle and fall at odds, and brawl and chide.

O. Lus. Nay, I think so, I never look'd for better:

This 'tis to marry children when they are young.

I said as much at first, that such young brats
Would 'gree together even like dogs and cats.

O. Art. Nay, pray you, Master Lusam, say not
so; [but young,
There was great hope, though they were match'd
Their virtues would have made them sympathize,
And live together like two quiet saints.

O. Lus. You say true, there was great hope,
indeed, [the fault?
They would have liv'd like saints; but where's
O. Art. If fame be true, the most fault's in my
son. [Indeed.

O. Lus. You say true, Master Arthur, 'tis so.
O. Art. Nay, sir, I do not altogether excuse
Your daughter, many lay the blame on her.
O. Lus. Ah! say you so? by the mass, 'tis
like enough,

For, from her childhood, she hath been a shrew.
O. Art. A shrew? you wrong her; all the town
admires her

For mildness, chasteness, and humility. [deed;
O. Lus. 'Fore God, you say well, she is so in-
The city doth admire her for these virtues.

O. Art. O, sir, you praise your child too pal-
pably;
She's mild and chaste, but not admir'd so much.

O. Lus. 'Aye, so I say, I did not mean admir'd.
O. Art. Yes, if a man do well consider her,
Your daughter is the wonder of her sex.

O. Lus. Are you advis'd of that? I cannot tell
What 'tis you call the wonder of her sex,
But she is, is she, aye, indeed, she is. - - -

O. Art. I think 'tis best to go straight to the
house, [sir?
And make them friends again; what think you,
O. Lus. I think so too. [good.

O. Art. Now I remember too that's not so
For divers reasons I think best stay here, [you?
And leave them to their wrangling, what think
O. Lus. I think so too.

O. Art. Nay, we will go, that's certain.
O. Lus. Aye, 'tis best, 'tis best, in sooth,
there's no way but to go. [unrest,

O. Art. Yet if our going should breed more
More discord, more dissension, more debate,
More wrangling, where there is enough already,
'Twere better stay than go.

O. Lus. 'Fore God, 'tis true;
Our going may, perhaps, breed more debate,
And then we may, too late, wish we had staid;
And, therefore, if you will be rul'd by me,
We will not go, that's flat; nay, if we love
Our credits, or our quiet, let's not go.

Scene at the Justice's—
O. Lus. Here is dry Justice, not to bid us
drunk;

Hark, thee, my friend, I pr'ythee lend thy cup;
Now, Master Justice, hear me but one word;
You think this woman hath had little wrong,
But, by this wine which I intend to drink—

Justice. Nay, save your oath, I pray you do
not swear,
Or if you swear, take not too deep an oath.

O. Lus. Content you, I may take a lawful oath
Before a Justice; therefore, by this wine—
Y. Lus. A profound oath, well sworn, and
deeply took;

'Tis better thus than swearing on a book.
O. Lus. My daughter hath been wrong'd ex-
ceedingly.

Justice. O, sir, I would have credited these
words [hither,
Without this oath: but bring your daughter
That I may give her counsel ere you go.

O. Lus. Marry, God's blessing on your heart
for that!

Daughter, give ear to Justice Reason's words.
Justice. Good woman, or good wife, or mis-
tress, if you have done amiss, it should seem you
have done a fault, and making a fault, there's no
question but you have done amiss: but if you
walk uprightly, and neither lead to the right
hand nor the left, no question but you have nei-
ther led to the right hand nor the left, but, as a
man should say, walked uprightly; but it should
appear by these plaintiffs, that you have had
some wrong: if you love your spouse entirely, it

should seem you affect him fervently; and if he
hate you monstrously, it should seem he loathes
you most exceedingly, and there's the point at
which I will leave, for the time passes away:
therefore, to conclude, this is my best counsel,
look that thy husband so fall in, that hereafter
you never fall out. [tion]

O. Lus. Good counsel, passing good instruc-
tion. Follow it, daughter. Now, I promise you,
I have not heard such an oration
This many a day. What remains to do?

Y. Lus. Sir, I was call'd as witness to this mat-
ter. I may be gone for aught that I can see. [ter.
Justice. Nay, stay, my friend, we must ex-
amine you.

What can you say concerning this debate
Betwixt young Master Arthur and his wife?
Y. Lus. 'Faith, just as much, I think, as you
And that's just nothing. [can say,

Justice. How, nothing? Come, depose him;
take his oath;
Swear him, I say; take his confession.

O. Art. What can you say, sir, in this doubtful
Y. Lus. Why, nothing, sir. [case?
Justice. We cannot take him in contrary tales,
For he says nothing still, and that same nothing
Is that which we have stood on all this while;
He hath confest even all, for all is nothing.

This is your witness, he hath witness'd nothing.
Since nothing, then, so plainly is confess'd,
And we, by cunning answers and by wit,
Have wrought him to confess nothing to us,
Write his confession.

O. Art. Why, what should we write? [as I
Justice. Why, nothing: heard you not as well
What he confess'd? I say, write nothing down.
Mistress, we have dismiss'd you; love your hus-
band; [husband]

Which, whilst you do, you shall not hate your
Bring him before me; I will urge him with
This gentleman's express confession
Against you; send him to me; I'll not fail
To keep just nothing in my memory.

And, sir, now that we have examin'd you,
We, likewise, here discharge you with good leave.

And, lastly—
O. Art. What, Master Justice Reason, are you
here? [place?

Who would have thought to have met you in this
O. Lus. What say mine eyes, is Justice Reason
here?

Mountains may meet, and so, I see, may we.
Justice. Well! when men meet, they meet,
And when they part they oft leave one another's
So we, being met, are met. [company;

O. Lus. Truly, you say true;
And Master Justice Reason speaks but reason:
To hear how wisely men of law will speak!

Enter Anselm and Fuller.
Ans. Good morrow, gentlemen!
Mss. Art. What! are you there?

Ans. Good morrow, mistress, and good mor-
row, all! [place,

Justice. If I may be so bold, in a strange
I say, good morrow, and as much to you.
I pray, gentlemen, will you sit down?
We have been young, like you; and, if you live
Unto our age, you will be old like us.

Full. Be rul'd by reason. - - -
There is excellent drolling in many other
scenes; but we have done enough to show
that in selecting this concerted Comedy, the
editor of the Old English Dramas has shown
that he knows "How a man may chase a
good play from a bad."

We must reserve "The Ball" and "Rape
of Lucrece" for future notice.

Encyclopædia of Antiquities, and Elements of
Archæology, Classical and Mediæval. By the
Rev. T. D. Fosbrooke, M.A. F.A.S. Author of
"British Monachism," &c. London,
J. Nichols & Son.

This work proceeds rapidly, but not more
rapidly than judiciously, towards its conclu-

sion. Since we noticed it, up to its twelfth
Number, seven more Numbers have been pub-
lished, and five only are wanting to its com-
pletion. Its value will hardly be duly ap-
preciated till it is seen as a whole; for though
we are struck by the labour and research
visible even in a single Part, that impression
must be infinitely enlarged when we can take
into one view the mass of learning and intel-
ligence, collected from so many rare and
difficult sources, which will constitute the
finished plan. We shall then be better able
to judge of the expediency of its arrange-
ments, and the excellence of its referential
authorities. But there is enough before us
to justify high panegyric. The classification
of the various divisions seems to us to merit
the claim of the author to their forming an
useful key to the science of Archæology. In
truth, the volume will be an epitome of that
interesting science, without an adequate
knowledge of which no person can deserve
the name of antiquarian, scholar, amateur, or
gentleman.

Having said so much, we shall for the
present transcribe a few articles from Nos.
13, 14, and 15, as examples of Mr. Fosbrooke's
work. From these it will be seen how much
curious information may be contained in a
very small compass; and how industry can
reconcile close conciseness with considerable
extent of instruction.

Chapter XI. Treats of "Earthworks, For-
tresses, Rude Stoneworks." We now quote
from it

"GORSSEDAU. In Anglesea Mr. Pennant
found the *Bryn Gwyn*, or *Bryn Gwyn* (royal
tribunal,) belonging to the Arch-Druid. It is
a circular hollow of 180 feet in diameter,
surrounded by an immense agger of earth
and stones. Not far from it was one of the
Gorseddau, now much dispersed, but once
consisting of a great coppied heap of stones,
upon which the Druid sat aloft while he in-
structed the people. A stone circle and
cromlech were adjacent. Here is another
distinction between Celtic and Northern
places of Judicature. At the entrance of
Ruthin Castle, in the Isle of Man, is a great
stone chair for the governor, and two smaller
for the dempsters, where they sat and tried
civil causes. The gates were certainly the
chief places of concourse; for so they are
said to be in the Bible (see Proverbs, i. 21.)
and probably were, as such, succeeded by
market-places within the towns. - - -

"RED-HORSE. Horses are carved in the
turf, on the sides of hills, in Berks and
Wilts, &c. according to presumption, as me-
morials of successful battles fought in the
vicinity. The White-horse was the Anglo-
Saxon bearing. The Red-horse in Warwick-
shire, Mr. Wise supposes a memorial of the
famous Richard Nevill Earl of Warwick,
whose castle of Fullbrook, now entirely de-
molished, stood eight or nine miles off, facing
the hill. Just before the battle of Towton,
he killed his horse with his own hand on the
field. This battle was fought upon Palm
Sunday, which is the anniversary of scouring
the horse. If this statement be correct, the
tradition seems to be well founded. - - -

"WHITE-HORSE. The celebrated one in
Berkshire, from which the district bears the
name of Vale of White Horse, has been
generally considered as a memorial of the
victory gained on that spot by Alfred against
the Danes in 871. Mr. Wise doubts if the
White-horse at Bratton, Wilts, can boast of
the same relation, or the same claim to an-

tiquity. From the horse upon British coins, Mr. Lysons questioned the appropriation. However, a Saxon camp is said to be adjacent."

Chapter XII. is devoted to the illustration of the "Manners and Customs of Private Life among the Laity."

"COMMUNITY OF WIVES. This old British practice prevailed in Ireland in the twelfth century. The lead-miners of Rhydfendigaid, in Cardiganshire, still partially retain it - -

"COURTSHIP. Lovers in the Classical

Age went after dinner to the vestibules or doors of their mistresses, and whistled or coughed, in order to be heard. When this

did not succeed they sung amorous ditties, or wrote them on the door, or fixed upon it tablets, on which they wrote. If the girls

were inflexible they supplicated the gate, poured libations on it, perfumed it, kissed it amorously, and, if unsuccessful, broke that,

the windows, &c. There also occurs serenades, weeping at the door, lying there all night, hanging crowns on it, especially those

which they had worn on festivals; throwing upon the threshold the torches lit for their return from supper; and threatening to burn

the house; even scribbling libellous or indecent verses on the door. Their omens of success were drawn from a leaf if it cracked upon the hand; from striking the room with

apple-kernels; and the *cottabus*, a singular mode of vaticination by the fall of liquor.

Greek lovers also came to the house, and it being the fashion for the daughters to fill drink to the stranger, they drank at the part

of the cup out of which she drank [the *ασποτολμασιον φίλημα*, *missivum osculum*]; put the tongue of the bird *Ιουξ* under the knap of her

ring with the paring of her nails, or charmed a charm as they whirled the bird [some

writers make *Ιουξ* a musical instrument] round, fastened to a trochus of wax, burning

both in the fire; threw apples, and also filters of herbs, chiefly those exciting amorous

passions. The girls, as a token, dressed themselves with flowers; hung garlands at

the doors, or parts of the house exposed to sight when the doors were open; sent garlands and roses; bitten pieces of apple, or morsels of meat; made mutual presents of

birds, as doves, &c.; wrote their names on walls, trees, and their leaves; hung garlands on statues, &c. Courtship among the

ancient Britons was put under such restraint, that if a girl became pregnant in her father's

house she was to be precipitated from the top of a rock, and her seducer to be deprived of

life. Hence, perhaps, the few improprieties attached to the Welch custom of *bundling*, or

courtship in bed. How courtship was conducted in the days of chivalry is known to

everybody, as wearing the sleeve of the lady, leading her horse by the bridle; making ridiculous

vows, such as wearing a black patch over the eye, mentioned in Froissart; all

which, as to matrimonial concerns, was more romantic than real; for in all great families

they were affianced at seven or eight years of age, and married at the age of puberty, to

prevent improper attachments. In the History of the Troubadours are very long and curious directions for making love. In the

reign of Elizabeth at least the following practices prevailed. Playing with the little finger

in amorous dalliance; sitting or lying at the feet of their mistresses in ball rooms; looking

babies in the eyes, as they called gazing closely and amorously into each others eyes,

so as to see the figures represented in them,

They also exhibited their passion publicly. A pendant lock of hair, often plaited and tied

with ribband, and hanging at the ear, was so fashionable in the age of Shakspeare and

afterwards, that Charles I. and many of his courtiers wore them, nor did he cut his off till

the year 1646. This lock was worn on the left side, and hung down by the shoulder,

considerably longer than the rest of the hair, sometimes even to the girdle. It was supposed

to have the effect of causing violent love, and was originally a French custom.

Wigs were made to imitate it. Burton adds to the love-lock a flower worn in the ear.

Kissing the eyes was a mark of extraordinary tenderness. It was very gallant to drink a

lady's health in urine. In the fore-part of the stays was anciently a pocket, where

women not only carried love-letters and tokens, but even their money and materials

for needle-work. When prominent stays were worn, lovers dropped their literary

favours into them. If a woman put a love-letter into the bosom pocket it was a token

of her affection. Willow garlands were worn by persons disappointed in love, supposed

from the tree's promoting chastity, or the famous passage in the Psalms. The liberties

allowed to lovers, and even to intimate acquaintances, in the times of Elizabeth and

James, were very indecorous. These were to handle them roughly, put their hands on

their necks, kiss them by surprise, &c. Indeed when courtship ensued in inferior rank,

it was conducted in the coarsest manner, and commonly ended in bastardy. - -

"MAMMA, is the name of the breast of a nurse, which the Romans gave to the nurse

herself, as they did TATA to the nurse's husband. Thus in Gruter is the following

inscription, DIS. M.— ZETHO. CORINTHUS. TATA. EJUS. ET. NICE. MAMMA, &c. Martial

ridicules the absurd use of Mama and Tata by an old maid of a daughter."

Chapter XIII. is a most entertaining one upon Festivities, Holidays, Games, Sports, &c.; but we can only afford room for one brief

quotation from it: "BACKGAMMON. Back, little, cammon, battle. It is said to have been invented in

Wales in the reign of Canute. The board of the thirteenth century is not divided in the

middle, and the points are not pyramidal, but parallelograms. One more modern has

the division, but the points are not distinguished by different colours. False dice

were much used in this game."

From these short specimens, to which we shall add others hereafter from the succeeding

Numbers, an idea may be obtained of the multitude of authors whom Mr. F. has con-

sulted, and of the skilful manner in which he has compressed their intelligence into the

encyclopedic form. He has indeed rendered an essential service to the world of letters;

and we have no doubt will receive his reward in the shape of wide encouragement. The

Plates and Vignettes are important additions to the value of his publication.

Treatise on Stay-Sails, &c. By Captain Sir Henry Heathcote, R.N. 8vo. London 1824.

Baldwin, Cradock, & Joy.

We are at all times ready to hail with pleasure the attempts of scientific men, when directed

to any improvement connected with their profession, and thus confer a decided obligation

on the community: and as we are aware that many of our friends are naval officers, who

rank high in the service and estimation of their country, we also endeavour to give as

early a notice as possible of every work which may be deemed more particularly

interesting to them. The treatise under our present consideration is of this class, and

though it contains nothing to amuse the casual reader, yet to the seaman (particularly

to officers of the Royal Navy) it will be found useful and instructive. To the unprofessional reader, we will just observe, that Stays

(for men-of-war have stays, aye, and lacing too, as well as lady-ships and dandies,) are

certain ropes which pass between the masts, being carried from the head or top of one to

the lower part of another, immediately before it, for the purpose (as the term implies)

of staying or securing the mast in its proper position. Upon each of these stays it is

customary to spread a *quadrilateral sail*, called a stay-sail; which labours under many disadvantages,

not only keeping the wind from the square sail, but also injuring the effect of the

stay-sails themselves, which is materially lessened by the eddy wind from the square-sail

making what is called a back-sail of the stay-sail. To remedy these serious defects, by

adopting triangular sails, appears to have been the study of the gallant Captain, and he

has been indefatigable in demonstrating the principles on which his plan depends.

Every seaman knows that fore-and-aft rigged craft, when clean full, lay higher to the

literary efforts to the plain notions of unpublished Tars, as most likely to compass their understandings. What they will make of "the Alpha and Omega of the sailing system," we are at a loss to conjecture; perhaps, consider it a new invention for manufacturing wind, or as the honest sailor did when hailed by an *exquisite* midshipman to 'extinguish the nocturnal lummy,' (i.e. the commodore's light,) after vainly scratching his head and searching the rigging, exclaim in despair, 'there is no such rope in the top!'

The volume is embellished with two plates and numerous explanatory diagrams. The plates—1. A Royal Yacht under the Patent Stay-sails, and the other, A Frigate under the Old Stay-sails, are, to use a sea phrase, lubberly performances; and in the present age, when the Fine Arts are in so high a state of cultivation, it is much to be regretted that Sir Henry, as a seaman, did not rectify those blemishes which must be an eye-sore to him as well as to his brother Tars. He will know to what we allude, and take our friendly hint in a friendly way. The diagrams are tolerably well executed; and we again recommend his performance to every man who has an interest on the Ocean.

ELLIS'S LETTERS ON ENGLISH HISTORY.
(Third Volume.)

Few letters of high interest, written during the early years of Queen Elizabeth, are extant; and from such as are so, we have selected the most prominent in our previous analysis of Mr. Ellis's second volume. The third brings us deeper into the tragedy of the unfortunate Queen of Scotland, which gives such painful importance to a latter period of the Elizabethan reign; and though the facts illustrated by the extracts immediately following are mentioned in history, we think it good to set them in the stronger and more certain light of authentic contemporary correspondence. Upon the subjoined letter from James VI. of Scotland to the English Queen, on behalf of his mother, Mr. Ellis justly remarks—

"Very little of the pedantry of James's ordinary manner is to be found in this Letter. His remonstrance to Elizabeth is manly: his reasoning just. Affection and anxiety for a mother overcame his usual style: and we have here the best of all his epistolary compositions."

Well does the letter deserve this eulogium: we insert it entire.

"Madame & dearest sister, if ye could have knowin quhat divers thochtis have agitat my mynde since my directing of Uilliam Keith unto you for the sollistig of this matter quhairto nature and honour so greatly and unfeignedly bindis and obeis me; if, I say ye kneu quhat divers thochtis I have bene in and quhat just greif I hadd, ueying deeply the thing it self if so it shoulde proceed, as Godd forbidd, quhat euentis might follow thair upon, quhat number of straitis I wolde be dreuin unto, and amongst the rest hou it might perrell my reputation amongst my subjects. If thaise thingis, I yett say againe, uayre knowin unto you, then [doubt] I not but ye wold so farr pittie my case as it wolde easely mak you at the first to resolve your ouin^a best into it. I doubt greitlie in quhat facon to writt^b in this purpois, for ye haue all readie takin sa euill with my playnness, as I feare [if] I shall persist in that course ye shall

^a own.

^b fashion to write.

rather be exasperattet to passionis in [rea]ding the nordis, then by the plainness thairof be persuadit to consider richtlie the simpill treuth. Yett justlie preferring the deutie of ane honest freind to the saddaine passionis of one quho, hou soone thay be past can uysler uey^c the reasons than I can sett thaim doune, I haue resoluid in fen nordis and plaine to gif you [my] freindly and best advyce, appealing to your ypest judgement to discern thereupon. Quhat thing Madame can greitlier touche me in honoure, that bothe [is] a King and a Sonne, then that my nearest neihbour being in straittest freindshippie with me, shall rigorously putt to death a free soueraigne Prince, and my naturall mother, alyke in estaite and sexe to hir that so uses her, albeit subject I grant to a harder fortune, and touching hir nearlie in proximitie of bloode. Quhat law of Godd can permitt that justice shall strikke upon thaim quhome he hes appointed supream dispensationis of the same under him; quhom he hath callid Goddis, and thairfore subjectid to the censure of none in earth; quhome anointing by Godd can not be defylid be man, unreuenged by the authoure thairof; quho being supreme, and immediatt lieutenant of Godd in Heaven, can not thairfore be judgit by thaire aequalis in earth. Quhat monstrous thinge is it that Soueraigne Princes thaimse selfis shoulde be the exemple giveris of thaire ouen sacred diademes prophaining. Then quhat shoulde mone you to this forme of proceeding, (supponin the worst, quiche in goode faith I looke not for at your handis) honoure or profeitt? Honoure uaire it to you, to spaire quhen it is least lookid for. Honoure uaire it to you, (quiche is not onlie my freindlie advyce but my earnest suite) to tak me and all other Princes in Europe eternally beholdin unto you in granting this my so reasonable request; and not (appardon I pray you my free speaking) to putt Princes to straittis of honoure quhair thairon your generall reputatione and the universall (all most) mislyking of you, may daingerously perrell both in honoure and utilitie your persone and estate. Ye knou Madame uell aneuch, hou small difference Cicero concludis to be betuixt *utile* and *honestum* in his discourse thairof, and quiche of thaim oucht to be framed to the other. And nou Madame, to concludie, I pray you so to uey^d thir feu argumentis, that as I euer presumed of your nature, so the quhole worlde may praise your subjects for thaire deitfull caire for your preservation, and your self for your princelie pittie; the doing quhairof onlie belangis unto you; the performing quhairof onlie apparteynis unto you; & the praise thairof onlie will euer be yours. Respect then, goode Sister, this my first, so long continueid, and so earnest request; dispatching my Ambassadors with such a comfortable ansoure as may become your persone to gine, and as my louing and honest hairt unto you meritis to ressaue. But in kaice any do nant thaimse selfis to knau further of my minde in this matter, then my ambassadouris do; quho indeid are fullie aquentid thairuith. I praye You not to takk me to be a Camellion, but by the contraire thaimse to be malicious imposturis, as surilie they are: and thus prayinge you hairtly to excuse my to rude and longsum^e lettir, I comitt you Madame and dearest Sister to the blesid protection of the Most Hie, quho mott gine you grace so to resolve in this matter as

^c wisher weigh.
^d weigh.

^e too rude and longsome.

may be honorabill for you, and most acceptable to him. From my palleis of Holirudhouse the 26 day of Januarie 1586.^f

"Your most louing and affectionat brother and cousin
"JAMES R."

"A Madame ma treschere seur
& cousine la Roynie d'Angleterre."

The answer of the wily, if not betrayed, Elizabeth, is remarkable, as it disavows her having caused the execution of Mary. It is thus—

"My deare Brother, I would you knewe (though not felt) the extreme dolor that overwhelms my mind, for that miserable accident which (far contrary to my meaning) hath befallen. I have now sent this kinsman of mine whom ere now yt hath pleased yow to favor, to instruct yow trewly of that which ys to yerksom for my penne to tell yow. I beseeche yow that as God and many moe knowe, how innocent I am in this case: so you will believe me, that yf I had bide ought I owld have bid yth. I am not so bace minded that feare of any living creature or prince should make me afraide to do that were just, or don to denye the same. I am not of so base a linage, nor cary so vile a minde. But, as not to disguise, fits not a Kinge, so will I never dissemble my actions, but cawse them shewe even as I ment them. Thus assuringe yourself of me, that as I knowe this was deserved, yett yf I had ment yt I would never laye yt on others shoulders; no more will I not damnifie my selfe, that thought yt not.

"The circumstance yt may please yow to have of this bearer. And for your part, thincke yow have not in the World a more lovinge kinswoman, nor a more deare frend then my self; nor any that will watch more carefully to preserve yow and your estate. And who shall otherwise perswade yow, judge them more partiall to others then yow. And thus in hast I leave to trouble yow: beseeching God to send yow a longe Reign.
The 14th of Feb. 1586.^g

"Your most assured lovinge sister
and cousin
"ELIZAB. R."

Animadverting upon this strange epistle, Mr. Ellis, (and we are sorry that we do not see sufficient grounds for imitating his charity) notices, that—

"In a Letter which has been already noticed in a preceding page, from the Earl of Leicester to Sir Francis Walsingham after Sir Philip Sydney's death, there is a passage of no small importance to History, upon the expected execution of the Queen of Scots: and which seems to present itself as no inappropriate introduction to Elizabeth's disavowal.

"Lord Leicester says, 'there ys a Letter from the Scottish Queen THAT HATH WROUGHT TEARES; but I trust shall doe no further herein; albeit the DELAY is TOO DANGEROUS.' This passage coupled with the declaration in the Letter which is now before the reader's eye, gives us ground to hope, if not to believe, that Elizabeth was *really* betrayed by her Ministers when the warrant for Mary's execution was carried into effect."

Having made some observations upon the style of 'the Royal Pedant,' as James I. has been called, we return to the topic, for the sake of copying here (we shall hereafter have another example) a letter from his Majesty to his "son Prince Henry, upon his

^f A. D. 1586-7.

^h would abide by it.

^g directed.
ⁱ i. e. 1586-7.

leaving Scotland to take possession of the Crown of England."

Upon this, Mr. E. remarks—

"The Reader is here presented with a Letter, the writing of which seems to have cost the King some pains: and we have already seen that when he chose to take pains, he could write well. We have in it too, his own character of his 'Basilicon Doron.'

"The Letter which succeeds, is another specimen of James's better style. Later in life he grew slovenly in every thing: and in nothing more slovenly than in the composition of his familiar Letters. Some strange specimens of these to Prince Charles and the Duke of Buckingham will presently be given.

"My Sonne, that I see you not before my pairing impute it to this great occasion quhairin tyme is sa preciose; but that shall by Goddis grace shortlie be recompencid by your cumming to me shortlie, and continuall residence with me ever after. Lett not this newis make you proude, or insolent, for a Kings sonne and heire was ye before, and na maire ar ye yett. The augmentation that is heirby lyke to fall unto you, is but in caires and heauey burthens. Be thairfor merrie, but not insolent; keepe a greatnes, but *sine fastu*; be resolute but not willfull; keepe your kyndnes, but in honorable sorte; choose nane to be your play fellowis but thame that are well borne; and above all things give never goode countenance to any but according as ye shall be informed that they are in aestimation with me. Looke upon all Englishe men that shall cum to visite you as upon your loving subjectis, not with that ceremonie as towards strangeris, and yett with such hartlines as at this tyme they deserve. This gentleman quhom this beareare accompanies is worthie, and of guide ranke, and nou my familiare serviteur; use him thairfore in a maire hamelie loving sorte nor othis. I sende you herewith my booke latelie prentid: studdie and profite in it as ye wolde deserve my blessing; and as thaire can na thing happen unto you quhairof ye will not finde the generalr grounde thairin, if not the verrie particulaire pointe touched, sa mon ye leuell everie mannis opinions or advyces unto you as ye finde thaim agree or discorde with the reulis thaire sett down, allowing and following thaire advyces that agrees with the same, mistrusting and frowning upon thaim that advyces you to the contraire. Be dili-

gent and earnist in your studdies, that at your meiting with me, I maye praise you for yourre progresse in learning. Be obedient to yourre maister, for yourre awin weil, and to procure my thanks; for in reverencing him ye obeye me, and honoure yourselfe. Fairuell.

"Yourre loving Father.

"JAMES R."

WARNER'S ILLUSTRATIONS—3 vols. 12mo.

NOT having room in our last for a sufficient number of extracts fairly to exemplify these volumes, we give this second paper to conclude them.

Of the famous Sir John Harington, often alluded to, though not introduced into "Kenilworth," we have the following.

"Tired, at length, with the folly and hypocrisy of a court life, he seated himself quietly at Kelweston, enlivening the country around with his hospitality and wit. To sprightly characters allowances are generally given for slight deviations from the common forms of decorum; the manner in which they are made usually compensating for their singularity. Harington frequently availed himself of this privilege, and several anecdotes are handed down by tradition, in which our hero seems to have sacrificed strict good manners, to the opportunity of saying a good thing. One incident of this kind occurred at the table of Lady Rogers, at Bath, the mother of his wife; who, being accustomed to dine at an unconscionable late hour, Sir John determined to try the effect of his wit, in order to work a reformation. A large company being assembled, therefore, at her ladyship's house, and the dinner on the table, one of his own sons was commanded to repeat the grace. The boy immediately began with, 'O Lord, that givest us our meat in due season,' when our knight immediately interrupted him, bade him be silent and not tell such a lie; 'for I never knew,' said he, 'our meat in due season here in all my life.' The singular sagacity of Sir John seems to have been, in a degree, imparted to his particular friend and companion, a spaniel dog, which he named Bungay. This celebrated animal, tradition tells us, was so extremely docile and well instructed, that he frequently travelled alone from Bath to London, carrying in a basket slung round his neck, packages and letters; calling for refreshments at the houses in the way which his master was accustomed to frequent, and then pursuing his journey to court, where his fidelity and sagacity always assured him caresses and good cheer. In one of these expeditions, Bungay, unfortunately, fell into the hands of a party of beggars, who emptied his basket, carried him off, and sold him to the servants of the Spanish ambassador. After a long and fruitless enquiry for this faithful servant, Sir John accidentally went to the Spanish ambassador's; when, to his infinite satisfaction, he recognised his companion sleeping under the table. Being rather perplexed in what manner to ascertain his property, and to request its restoration, he told the ambassador that the animal before them possessed many more talents than he was apprised of. This naturally induced an explanation, when Sir John, to identify the dog, called him by his name, and made him perform a variety of singular tricks, to the astonishment of his excellency, who immediately insisted that his old master should once more receive the faithful animal into his protection. Bungay, among many other useful

offices which he was accustomed to perform, frequently went from the manor-house at Kelweston to Bath for two bottles of wine, which the vintner would carefully pack up in the basket that hung suspended from his neck. One day, on his return with the cargo, when he had performed only half his journey, the handle of the basket unfortunately broke, and the whole apparatus fell, of course, to the ground; but as Bungay never lost his presence of mind, he quickly discovered a method of completing the errand on which he had been sent. One of the bottles he immediately conveyed into a secret part of an adjoining hedge, and taking the other in his mouth, travelled home as fast as he could. Having delivered this, he posted back after the remaining one, which he soon conveyed to Kelweston, in a similar manner, and with equal safety. The concluding circumstance of poor Bungay's life bears ample testimony to his affection and sagacity, and places him upon a par with the far-famed dog of Ulysses. Attending Sir John, who was on horseback, to Bath, the animal suddenly leaped upon the horse, with such an expression of affectionate fondness to his master, as surprised him. This he repeated three or four times successively; and immediately running into the adjoining hedge, lay down and expired. The knight honoured his memory with some tributes of regard by writing two epigrams on Bungay, and having his figure introduced into the print prefixed to his translation of Orlando Furioso. The family, also, have preserved an honourable memorial of this sensible creature, in giving the name of Bungay to every successive dog that has been kept by the descendants of Sir John; and the beautiful spaniel some time since belonging to the late Doctor, the great grandson of the knight, retained this celebrated appellation."

The figure which "Alchemy, Philosopher's Stone, Elixir of Life," make in the same Romance, affords good opportunity to our author, and he has happily availed himself of it, to throw together a great deal of amusing anecdote and story.

"If it were thought worth while to throw away a moment on its origin, we should say, it seems probable that alchemy, with all its tedious processes, and wild expectations, is to be attributed to the inventive genius, and warm fancy, of the Eastern nations. We, at least, find it flourishing, in full maturity, among the superstitious Egyptians, at the close of the third century; when the Emperor Dioclesian, either a believer in, or a despiser of, it, caused a diligent enquiry to be made for all the ancient books which treated of the admirable art of making gold and silver; and, without pity, committed them to the flames. The time, however, when alchemy became properly an art, by being reduced to written rules, could not be of very remote antiquity, since, as Mr. Gibbon goes on to remark, the ancient books (just mentioned) so liberally ascribed to Pythagoras, to Solomon, or to Hermes, were the pious frauds of more recent adepts. The Greeks were inattentive either to the use or the abuse of chemistry. In that immense register where Pliny has deposited the discoveries, the arts, and the errors of mankind, there is not the least mention of the transmutation of metals; and the persecution of Dioclesian is the first authentic event in the history of alchemy. The conquest of Egypt by the Arabs diffused that vain science over the globe. Congenial to the avarice of the human heart, it was studied in

"The "ΒΑΣΙΛΙΚΟΝ ΔΩΡΟΝ: or His Majesty's Instructions to his dearest Sonne, Henry the Prince:" published at Edinburgh, and reprinted immediately upon the King's arrival at London 1603: 12mo.

"The autograph of this Work, in King James's own hand, is still extant in the British Museum, MS. Reg. 18 B. xv. It is bound in purple velvet, and adorned upon one side with the Arms and supporters of Scotland upon a plate of gold, crowned, surrounded by the collar and jewel of St. Andrew, with this motto below, 'In my defence God me defend.' The borders of the cover were formerly adorned with thistles in gold, two or three only of which are now remaining.

"Prefixed to the Manuscript is the following Sonnet to Prince Henry; different from that which appears in front of the Work as printed.

"SONETT.

"Loe heir my Sone a mirror vine and fair
Quhill schawis the shadow of a vorthie King;
Loe heir a booke, a paterne dois zow bring
Quhill ze sould preas to follow mair and mair.
This trustie freind the treuthe will never spair,
Bot give a guid advyse unto zow heir,
How it sould be zour chief and princelie cair
To follow vertue, vyce for to forbeare;
And in this Booke zour Lesson vill ze leire
For gyding of zour people great and small;
Than, as ze aucht, gif an attentive care
And paus how ze thir preceptis practise sall:
Zour father bidis zow studie heir and reid
How to become a perfyte King indeid."

China, as in Europe, with equal eagerness, and with equal success. The darkness of the middle ages ensured a favourable reception to every tale of wonder; and the revival of learning gave new vigour to hope, and suggested more specious arts of deception.

"In this advanced stage of its progress, alchemy found its way into Britain; and, long before the reign of Queen Elizabeth, an ardent affection for its delusions lay at the bottom of the heart of many of our most learned and philosophical men. In the more intellectual among them the folly had something of virtue in it, for they fed their fancies with the hope of discoveries which should aggrandize their country, or render their own names immortal; but, with the selfish or sensual adepts, the motives were ignoble, and the anticipations gross; for they dreamt only of those enjoyments, which Ben Jonson has made Sir Epicure Mammon contemplate, as the rich and certain harvest of the discovery of the grand arcanaum:

My mists
I'll have of perfume, vapour'd round the room
To lose ourselves in; and my baths like pits
To fall into, from whence we will come forth
And roll ourselves in gossamer and roses.

My meat shall all come in, in Indian shells,
Dishes of agate, set in gold, and studded
With emeralds, sapphires, hyacinths, and rubies.

My shirts
I'll have of taffeta sarson, soft and light
As cobwebs; and for all my other raiment,
It shall be such as might provoke the Persian,
Were he to teach the world riot anew."

"Whatever might be the fallaciousness, however, of the promises of alchemy, the folly of its means, or the absurdity of its expectations; yet it found, in our own country, not only private acceptance, but public encouragement. The law of the land took the veritable adept under its protection; and, while it promulgated its prohibitions and punishments against impostors, charlatans, and mere pretenders; it provided that the search of the grand arcanaum should be prosecuted in quiet and safety, by those whom it deemed to be worthy of such a sanction.

"In the year 1449, the alchemy-smitten Robert Bolton humbly applies to Henry vi. for letters patent, to authorise him to exercise his processes without the interruption of certain persons, who falsely accused him of pursuing an illicit art, (*supponunt ipsum per artem illicitam operare*), and obtains from the king a licence for life, to transfer or transubstantiate, every or any imperfect metal into perfect gold or silver.

"In the year 1452, a similar licence, for the same purpose, and to the same effect, was granted by Henry to John Mistelden.

"Another licence occurs, under the year 1456, which authorises three persons (John Faucely, John Kirkeby, and John Rayny, (*cruditissimi in scientia naturalibus*), to make the *elixir of life*, and the *philosopher's stone*, without let or obstruction. It states, that whereas certain ancient, wise, and most famous philosophers had taught and handed down, in their books and writings, that it was possible to produce from wine, precious stones, oils, animals, and vegetables, many glorious and notable medicines, and more especially a certain most precious medicine, which some called the *mother and empress of philosophers*; others, the *inestimable glory*; others, the *quint-essence* (*quintam essentiam*); and others, the *stone of philosophers*, and the *elixir of life*; and that, whereas, the virtue of this medicine was such, that it would cure all curable diseases, lengthen life, preserve the bodily powers and intellectual faculties in original perfection to

the close of existence; that it would, moreover, heal, without difficulty, all wounds capable of being healed; would prove a certain antidote to poison; and transmute other metals into the *veriest gold* and the *finest silver*; therefore, his Majesty, reflecting how useful and delectable such a discovery, if effected, would be to himself and his dominions, had conceded permission to the above-named triumvirate to proceed in their investigations, jointly and severally, according to their own discretion, and to the rules and processes directed by their learned predecessors. And, not further to multiply examples, we have, in Rymer, a fourth royal privilege recorded, granted to William Savage, Hugo Hordeleston, and Henry Hysse, to transmute metals into gold and silver, as freely and uninterruptedly as Richard Travyss, doctor in theology, John Billok, and William Downes, had heretofore been permitted to do.

"We have already hinted that such sanctions as the above were necessary to render alchemical processes legal acts; for both religion and law had prohibited the *general* prosecution of them. Pious Papists had been deterred from alchemy by a constitution of Pope John xxii. in the year 1316; and, in England, the statute passed in the fifth of Henry iv. had denounced the practice, under severe pains and penalties. 'None, from henceforth,' says the Act, 'shall use to multiply gold or silver, or use the craft of multiplication; and if any the same do, he shall incur the pain of felony.' But legal restrictions contend in vain against the powerful propensities of avarice. Where the prospect of gain is great, prohibitions will be disregarded, and the most formidable risks encountered: the smuggler will continue to run his goods, in defiance of fine and incarceration; and Waylands and Alascoes will never be wanting to back the folly of their deluded patrons. The search of the panacea, and the stone which was to 'turn all it touched to gold,' was pursued with ardour, though silently and secretly, through the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; and only entirely disappeared at that recent period, when true science demonstrated to common sense the absurdity of the pursuit, and the vanity of its expectations."

Among his illustrations of the subject of alchemy, Mr. Warner relates the following circumstance, which occurred, many years since, in New Bond-street, London:

"A man-milliner, (as the trade was then denominated,) by the name of *White*, who was much devoted to the secret processes of the gaseous chymistry, had discovered a fluid composition, which he called *White's Chemical Fever Tincture*; and which, we believe, bore the character of a very successful febrifuge. His operations were conducted in solitude and silence; no one of the family being permitted to enter his little darkened room while he was engaged in them. Such was their fascination, that appetite and weariness summoned in vain the adept to refectation and repose: while the processes were advancing, nothing could drive him from his cell and his retort. The family had one night retired to bed, when they were suddenly roused from their slumbers by a dreadful report in the laboratory below. They started from their beds, and rushed into the prohibited room; which they found filled with smoke; while all the

frangible chymical apparatus was shivered into atoms. The operator himself lay senseless on the floor. A large retort had been burst by an elastic gas; and a fragment of it had literally cut out one of Mr. White's eyes. He recovered from the effects of the accident, and had the hardihood to persevere in the preparation of the fluid; but carried on his processes with more caution than before, still in secrecy and solitude. He never communicated his secret to any one, and the useful remedy was lost when he died."

"Subsequently, however, to the misadventure of Mr. White, other true believers and practitioners have lost ease, and health, and money, in their alchemical speculations. The celebrated *Peter Woulfe*, according to Mr. Brande, laboured under this malady: 'He occupied, (says he,) chambers in Bernard's Inn, while residing in London, and usually spent the summer in Paris. His rooms, which were extensive, were so filled with furnaces and apparatus, that it was difficult to reach his fireside. A friend told me, that he once put down his hat, and never could find it again, such was the confusion of boxes, packages, and parcels, that lay about the chamber. His breakfast hour was four in the morning; a few of his select friends were occasionally invited to this repast, to whom a secret signal was given, by which they gained entrance, knocking a certain number of times at the inner door of his apartment. He had long vainly searched for the *elixir*; and attributed his repeated failures to want of due preparation by pious and charitable acts. I understand that some of his apparatus is still extant, upon which are supplications for success, and for the welfare of the adepts. Whenever he wished to break an acquaintance, or felt himself offended, he resented the supposed injury by sending a present to the offender, and never seeing him afterwards. These presents were sometimes of a curious description; and consisted, usually, of some expensive chymical product or preparation. He had an heroic remedy for illness; when he felt himself seriously indisposed, he took a place in the Edinburgh mail, and having reached that city, immediately came back, in the returning mail, to London. A cold taken on one of these expeditions terminated in an inflammation on the lungs, of which he died in 1805."

"A still more recent enthusiast (and perhaps the last) in these drivellings of science carried on his laborious but hopeless researches after the grand arcana of alchemy, and terminated them in similar disappointment. He died, half-starved, in London, a few years ago, an editor of an evening journal; and expected to compound the alchemist, if he could only keep his materials digested in a lamp furnace for the space of seven years. The lamp burned brightly during six years, eleven months, and some odd days, and then, unluckily, went out. Why it went out, the adept could never guess; but he was certain, that if the flame would only have burned to the end of the septenary cycle, his experiment must have succeeded."

With this quotation we conclude: there are a few slight blemishes which we could, if necessary, enumerate, but it is not so; and not retracting our introductory opinions, we can truly assure our readers, that they will find a very large collection of curious and entertaining matter in these volumes. We could hardly point out a book better calculated to amuse a vacant hour, and at the same time convey very interesting information."

* Stat. at large, 5 Henry IV. Lord Coke says, that this is the shortest Act of Parliament that ever came within his knowledge.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

Wentworth's Australasia is an enlarged (the third) edition, in two octavo volumes,* of the Account of New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land, published some time ago by Mr. Wentworth, and which has deservedly been read, not only by persons who contemplated emigration to these colonies, but generally by the public interested in the disposition of British convicts, and in the actual condition of a country forming by such mixed and extraordinary means. The statistical details are very minute, the maps are on a good scale, and altogether, this is the best, we may say the only, work of reference on the subject. Upon the litigated question, whether Canada, the Cape, or these parts, are most tempting to Emigrants, we will not deliver an opinion.

A Dictionary of Quotations from the British Poets, Part III.† is the concluding part of this epitome of ready-made learning. It is taken from the Rhymers, as its two precursors are from Shakespeare and the blank verse expositors of fine thoughts and sentiments. For all the uses to which such compilations are eligible, these volumes are fit enough; and gentlemen and ladies, whether merely for reading's sake, or for the sake of gathering ideas as authors themselves, may therein turn with the utmost facility (matters being alphabetically arranged,) to any passion, subject, or thing whatever which they want, such as "Despair," "Death," "Beauty," "Kiss," "Love," "Madness," "Child," and even "Mermaid," and "Phrenology."

C. Crisp Salustii, &c. notulis Sermonis Anglicano exaratis illustrata, et indice nominum propriorum uberrimo instructa. Studio Joannis Dymock; is a small stereotype edition of this early read and entertaining classic, on an admirable plan, and excellently adapted for instruction, as it is formed to attract and gratify the curiosity of the youngest learners, as well as to please Tyros more advanced. Certain recollections prevent us from saying a syllable on the decisive air and sesquipedalian words of the ad lectorum. Mr. Dymock is, by his publications, proving himself a great friend to the rising generation; and they well deserve the popularity and public favour they have received.

* G. B. Whittaker. London 1824. † 12mo. Whittaker. ‡ Edinburgh. Oliver & Boyd.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

VOYAGE TO THE ARCTIC CIRCLE.

On the Journal of this Voyage kept by Mr. FISHER, the surgeon, we have spoken in another place; and therefore need only introduce the following extract by observing, that it will be succeeded by a series of similar selections from his unpublished MSS., and will, we flatter ourselves, together with the accompanying Zoological papers, render the ensuing Quarter of the *Literary Gazette* equal to a good (separate) quarto volume on these interesting subjects alone, independent of its other and usual departments.

July 21.—First appearance of the Native in Hudson's Straits. Lat. 61° 49' N. Long. 60° 50' W.

"Between four and five o'clock in the afternoon, we made fast to a floe, at the distance of three or four leagues from the coast. We had not been here any length of time, before we heard repeated shouting in

the direction of the land, which was soon discovered to be made by a party of Esquimaux that were coming towards us in their canoes. As they approached us, their vociferations seemed to increase, not only in point of loudness, but likewise in the intervals between the shouts being shorter; so that by degrees it became one continued noise. Some of our men thinking it might inspire the natives with greater confidence of friendship to hail them in their own clamorous manner, began also to shout; and one of our people in particular, who not only excelled in making a noise, but in performing aditic gesticulations, afforded no small degree of amusement to all hands. In the mean time, two of them came alongside the piece of ice to which the ship was fast, and on which most of our people were by this time assembled. After both parties had gazed at each other for a short time, to satisfy their curiosity, traffic then eagerly commenced, if that term may be applied to such articles as were bartered on this occasion; for pieces of iron hoop, nails, and knives, were the principal commodities on our side,—and seal and deer skin jackets, spears, and a few other articles of the rude tackling used in killing seals and walrus, &c. were the only things worth mentioning, that they had to dispose of. They had, indeed, a quantity of oil and blubber tied up in the stomach and pieces of the intestines of the above animals, all of which was purchased for the use of the ship. Our first visitors did not long enjoy their commercial monopoly, for they were soon followed by eight more canoes, and after them came four large boats, full of women and children.

These large boats contained from fourteen to eighteen persons each, including children; and I remarked that there was only one man in each, whose office appeared to be to steer the boat, whilst the women worked at the oar, which they seemed to be pretty expert. On their first coming alongside the ice, they affected to be somewhat shy, detaining their boats at a little distance off from the floe, apparently for the purpose of keeping us at bay, until they were satisfied as to our friendly disposition.* But if they had any doubts on this point, they were soon dispelled; for, on being shown some strings of glass beads, and other articles that captivated their fancy, they pulled their boats alongside the ice, and immediately disembarked children and every thing that they had with them. If it was a busy scene before, now it was doubly so, for the women had a number of little articles to dispose of that the men had not; for instance, walrus' teeth, a great variety of carved images of bone, representing different animals, as dogs and bears, but generally the human figure. The little bags in which they kept these toys, were very fanciful, and displayed no inconsiderable degree of art in their construction. Some of them were made of the skin of birds' legs, with the claws left on the skin of the toes, which gave them a very curious appearance; others were of the prettiest parts of different birds' skins, most frequently that of the neck of the Arctic Diver (*Columbus Arcticus*, Linn.) whose variegated plumage produces a pleasing effect. But what I think they chiefly excel in, is the art

* As these people have communication every year with the Hudson's Bay Company's ships, it is not likely that their shyness could proceed from any apprehension of danger; it would perhaps be more generous to attribute it to female reserve; but if this was the case, I can only say that they got quite over their modesty before they left us.

of dressing skins; for the seal skins that their jackets were made of were as soft as shammy leather, and the fur was not in the least injured by the preparation. After they had bartered every thing that they could get sale for, both men and women began to dispose of the clothes they wore; and some of the former went even so far as to strip themselves quite naked, but afterwards covered themselves with such damaged skins as no one would buy from them. The women, although they did not proceed thus far, offered to engage in commerce still less honourable to them, which the men not merely connived at, but seemed very solicitous to promote. The ladies were, in the first place, excessively dirty, and, according to our ideas of beauty, the Esquimaux have very few charms to recommend them. The personal appearance of the Esquimaux has, indeed, been so often and so correctly delineated, that it is almost unnecessary for me to say anything on the subject. I shall therefore only briefly remark, that, in point of stature, they are below the ordinary size of Europeans, seldom exceeding five feet six inches in height, and the women, I should imagine, do not average above five feet, if indeed so much.† It is almost impossible to say what their complexion is, for their faces are so besmeared with oil and filth, that the real colour of the skin cannot be seen. As a proof of the little regard they pay to cleanliness in this way, I remarked that several of the men who had been bleeding at the nose, did not take the trouble of washing, or even wiping it away, but allowed it to dry on their face. The children, indeed, and those half grown up, are of a swarthy brown colour, but as they advance in years their complexion becomes darker, no doubt owing, in some measure, to the increase of dirt that accumulates on their face, and which, I should imagine, in the course of time actually changes the colour of the skin itself; so that if they were at last even disposed, they could not restore its colour. With respect to their features, although not handsome, as their form does not depend, like their colour, on any power or management of their own, it would be unjust to make any animadversions. I shall therefore only observe, that their visage is broad, and, from the plumpness of their cheeks, their face appears to be very nearly of a circular form. Their eyes are invariably of a dark colour, small, and deep seated. Their mouth is large, and their front teeth are situated at some distance from one another; and I remarked, also, that they are very thick, that is, that they approach somewhat in shape, the grinders, or back teeth. Their lips are thick, and their nose short and fleshy; their hair is jet black, coarse, long, and lank. The men have a thin beard, which grows to a considerable length on the chin; but there is very little hair on any other part of their face. Their hands and feet are remarkably small, but very plump; their whole body, indeed, is inclined to obesity. The abdomen, in particular, is very tumid, most probably owing to the relaxed oily nature of their food; and probably to the same cause may be attributed the cold and clammy

* The dress of the Esquimaux, particularly that of the women, tend to make them look shorter than they really are; from its being so loose and bulky.

† With respect to the men's beards, although they are, in most cases, thin; yet to this rule there are some striking exceptions, for I have seen some men amongst them that might vie either with a Jew or Turk in the length or thickness of their beard.

feel of their skin. I observed several of the women tattooed on the face. This barbarous decoration generally consisted of two semi-circular lines, extending from the outer angles of the eyes to those of the mouth, and having the convex side towards the temple, and a number of straight lines extending from the lower lip to the chin. It has been said that married women only are allowed to ornament themselves in this manner; and for aught I know to the contrary, such may be the case; but it would appear that they do not always avail themselves of that privilege, for there were one or two women amongst our visitors who had children on their backs, and yet not tattooed. The dress of these people was made entirely of skins, chiefly that of the seal; but rein-deer, bear, wolf, and dog skins, were not unfrequent amongst them."

(To be continued.)

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

MEDICAL REPORT.

What if I prove, "the farthest from the fear,
Are often nearest to the stroke of fate."—Young.

We had just despatched our last Report, containing grateful aspirations for the healthful state of the Metropolis, and were sitting in a musing attitude, with one leg thrown across the other, and the pen with which we had corrected the proof still between our fore finger and thumb, when our attention was roused by a gentle tap on the door; and "Come in" was scarcely uttered, when a thin, sallow, hollow-eyed figure, breathing short, and leaning upon a stick, entered the library. In uttering the assent for admission, we had not exerted our locomotivity, and still retained our seat and position, though our eye was turned upon the spectral individual, who was advancing towards us with a smile, which shewed a hectic flush upon his hollow cheek, and an extended hand, as he addressed us, in a hoarse, as if muffled, tone;—"How d'y'e do, my worthy friend!" We of course rose; but the faint pressure of his bony fingers was felt some moments upon our palm before we recognised, in the emaciated figure whose hand was in ours, the remains of our once gay, vigorous, and rosy acquaintance, Oliver—. Too much shocked by the alteration in the appearance of our friend to return his salutation, we handed him an elbow chair, and waited for some minutes till his breathing was recovered, and a cough had cleared his obstructed chest, before we would venture to express our regret at his altered aspect. His acute observation perceived our embarrassment; and, anticipating the inquiry,—“Yes,” said he, “I am indeed much changed in my looks since we last met; but I am getting better; and were it not for this teasing cough, and my morning perspirations, and a distressing diarrhoea, I would soon gain flesh; for my appetite is good, and my spirit is unbroken. It has, nevertheless, been a great effort for me to come this distance; for I have not left my apartment during the last four months; but the sun shone so cheerfully, and the weather was so inviting, that I could not resist the desire of crawling out to show you that I am still alive. I have cheated the doctor; and notwithstanding my spindle shanks and swelled ankles, you shall see that I can still march, as my uncle Toby would say.” He made an effort to rise, but another fit of coughing interrupted his intention;—his breathing seemed to be more affected

than it even was from the fatigue of ascending the staircase;—he turned his eye with a full and imploring stare upon us, and, catching our hand as we advanced towards him, his hat and stick dropped on the floor—his jaw fell—and, sinking back in the chair—he uttered a scarcely audible moan, and expired in a moment!

It is unnecessary to proceed with the sequel of this distressing scene, which we have presented to our readers merely as a precautionary illustration of the danger of any unusual exertion, in the advanced stage of the disease under which our unfortunate friend sunk; and which we intend to make the subject of our present Report. At this season, its victims, like the leaf in the sear, drop before the first chilling breath of winter; while the physician, contemplating the approaching catastrophe, feels conscious that he can do nothing to avert the threatened blow, and stands an idle spectator, lamenting the inefficiency of his art. But, although Consumption be rarely cured; yet, even in those who are evidently predisposed to the disease, its attack may be parried; and we will be satisfied if our suggestions for accomplishing so desirable an event, shall save one of the many thousands who, in spring and during the present season, are usually cut off by its relentless power.

In noticing a malady which destroys nearly one fourth part of the population of this country, and among them the most interesting and amiable part of our species, the physiognomy, if we may use the expression, of the habits most liable to its attack cannot be too generally known. It may be objected, that it is cruel in this case to withdraw the curtain which conceals the danger that inevitably threatens the predisposed; but we reply, it is only when danger is obvious that it can be evaded; and an attention to it, in this case, may snatch from this inexorable foe of humanity a large proportion of victims. How often have we seen the most beautiful young women, the pride of their parents and the admiration of every beholder, after dancing in a crowded ball room, retire, warm with their exertions and with uncovered necks and shoulders, to the landing-place of the staircase, or to an adjoining room, in which they have thrown open the window, to feel the refreshing breath of the evening breeze upon their flushed cheeks: and what, we would inquire, has been the result of this imprudence? In less than six months afterwards, we have beheld the same youthful forms, which were such models of beauty and elegance, and buoyant and vigorous with health, shrivelled, languid, and bent as if beneath the weight of years; the full eye sunk, and its fine blue changed to the pearly white of disease; the delicate vermilion of the cheek circumscribed and deepened to the spot of hectic; and although a smile still lighted up the countenance, yet, it was only

"The lovely but delusive ray
Of nature sinking to decay,"*

faintly expressive of hope, a momentary gleam of sunshine amidst a threatening sky, which could not conceal the truth, that the amiable sufferer was perfectly alive to the danger of her situation. And could this have been averted? Certainly, we reply: for, however great may be the predisposition to disease, if the exciting causes be not present to call it into action, it is harmless; and a long life of apparent health may close, merely because the latent demon had not been roused from

his innocuous sleep. In diffusing, therefore, a knowledge of the external characteristics of the consumptive constitution, so that due caution may be taken to avoid the exciting causes of the disease, we feel that we shall have performed a great public benefit.

Those predisposed to consumption, have, usually, light or reddish hair, a smooth, fair, thin skin, a very clear, ruddy complexion, large bright, blue eyes, very white teeth, a long neck, narrow chest and high shoulders. They are almost always of a sanguine temperament, keenly alive to all the more amiable feelings of our nature, acute, generally quick and lively in their mental conceptions, and irritable in their dispositions. When these features and characteristics, therefore, appear in a young person of either sex, in good health, the greatest care should be taken to preserve them in that state of health which they then enjoy. Sudden changes of temperature, especially when the body is heated, should be guarded against by avoiding currents of air, and by covering the surface with warm clothing, particularly upon the chest; crowded assemblies, the routs, and the at-homes, as they are termed, of a London winter, should be shunned as a pestilence; and waiting in the lobby of the theatre or the opera-house, or even in that of a private house, after quitting a hot room, until a carriage draw up, unless the head, chest, and every part of the body be muffled up, must be regarded as treading upon the confines of the grave. Young persons with such habits should, also, be led to adopt early hours, both for retiring to rest and of rising in the morning; to take daily exercise in the open air, and, if possible, moderate horse exercise; and their diet should be of a mild, but nutritious and invigorating quality. But, besides sudden alternations of temperature, other causes concur to excite consumption in the predisposed. Thus, it is induced in those whose employments lead them to be frequently in situations where the air is loaded with dust; and thence we may infer, that dancing on a carpet and on chalked floors is more injurious than on a clean boarded floor. It is a curious fact, that before the streets of London were paved and watered, the number of consumptive cases was as 5 to 4, compared with those of the present period. How far the acknowledged improvements of Mr. McAdam may cause a retrogression in this respect, if great care be not taken to water the roads in summer, time must determine. Even the most enviable accomplishments kindle the latent flame of consumption in the predisposed, when the frame of the body is delicate. Hence a young girl, with the physiognomical characteristics of the consumptive habit, should not be permitted to use great exertion in singing; however flattering her talents in this delightful art may be to her own vanity and the pride of a dotting parent. The mind, finally, should be so regulated as to be kept in an equable and sober tone; for experience has demonstrated, that much mental excitement, particularly when that is connected with the passions of love and of ambition, has been productive of consumption; and from this cause we have to lament the loss of some of those individuals, who, for splendour of talents and extraordinary acquisitions at a very early period of life, have, occasionally, appeared like comets in the intellectual world, to display the extent of the capacity and the power of the human mind.

* Dale's Widow of Nain, l. 127, 8.

If, in spite of these precautions, the disease make its attack, the appearance of the first symptoms should be the signal for alarm; and the best medical advice procured. It is in this stage only that a cure can be confidently anticipated. But, too often, from the slight degree of languor and almost imperceptible change in the breathing, which attend it; and from the cough occurring but seldom and without expectoration, the malady runs on to its second stage, and is established in the system of the patient before its existence be even suspected. Far be it from us to comment, in this place, on the medical management of so formidable a disease; but we may be allowed strenuously to urge the patients to shun quackery in all its forms of *balm*, *balsams*, *lozenges*, and to remark, that much depends on themselves and their friends. The most judicious plan of cure may be rendered abortive by inattention to the regulations prescribed by the physician, and by improprieties or irregularities in diet and regimen. If we may, however, presume to offer a few hints, we would recommend, that, as in the commencement of the disease the symptoms are of an inflammatory nature, the diet should be mild, and ought to consist chiefly of milk, and well-boiled vegetables, or farinaceous matters, such as sago, arrow-root, and the preparations of Iceland liverwort, from which the greater part of the bitter principle has been extracted. When asses milk can be obtained, it is to be preferred to every other kind of milk; but if this cannot be readily procured, a good substitute for it is an admixture of soda water and hot cow's milk, moderately sweetened. The periods of taking food should not be so distant as in a state of health; but the quantity taken at one time should be very small. As the disease advances, and the debility increases, the diet is required to be of a more generous kind; and it is in this stage that the beefsteaks, the porter, and the gymnastic exercises, which are prescribed by Dr. Stewart, are likely to prove serviceable, particularly if the disease be connected, as occasionally occurs, with affections of the digestive organs. The atmosphere in which a consumptive person resides should be, in all the stages of the disease, mild, dry, and equable in respect of temperature; and if this cannot be secured in the country of his residence, it should either be sought for, *early*, abroad, or produced artificially at home; in which case, the patient should be confined to one suite of apartments, during the last of the autumnal months, the whole of the winter, and the first of the spring months. He should, in truth, appear and disappear with the swallows. The exercise of the consumptive should be moderate and regular; and be taken in the morning, when the strength is most capable of being exerted without exhaustion. Carriage exercise, riding on horseback, sailing, and swinging, are the kinds of exercise best adapted for the consumptive.

We trust these hints, which we consider of importance in the present season, will not be despised, although they have not been propounded by an *Oracle*; nor are offered in the form of a prescription for the accustomed fee. They are intended to rouse the predisposed to a sense of the danger which hangs over them from imprudence; and to warn those on whom it has already fallen, of the folly of trifling with so insidious a malady: for it is truly melancholy to observe the self-

deception which prevails among the consumptive, and the fondness with which they cling to Hope, until the last spark of vitality is extinguished.

ARCTIC ZOOLOGY.

It is with great pleasure that, agreeably to our advertisement of last Saturday, we offer to our readers, rather in a popular than in a scientific form—

"A brief Account of the different Quadrupeds, Birds, Fishes, and Insects, &c. met with during the Voyage of Discovery to the Arctic Regions, in H.M.S. Hecla, in 1821, 22, & 23." These Papers are part of the Journal kept by one of the ablest and most intelligent of the Officers* engaged in these memorable voyages (for they contain the results of observations made during the first as well as the last;) and, though under circumstances not deemed expedient to be published as a separate work, we certainly consider them very interesting materials for such a periodical as the *Literary Gazette*. They do not appear to have been drawn up according to any systematic arrangement, that being deemed unnecessary, since most of the animals that were met with are already well described in works on Natural History.

"My principal object (says the author) has been to point out such facts as I found to have been either doubtful or omitted. The weight and measurements given, have been carefully taken from specimens recently killed, so that their accuracy may be fully relied upon: and in those instances where a general description has been attempted, care has been taken to select a perfect specimen for the purpose; a precaution particularly necessary in the case of Birds, for some of those of the same species frequently differ very considerably, both in size and in the colour of their plumage.

URSUS MARITIMUS—Linn.

POLAR BEAR—Pennant.

NANOOK—Esquimaux.

"The white or Polar Bear inhabits the most northerly regions that Europeans have yet been able to penetrate; for they have been seen on the north coast of Spitzbergen, which is beyond the 80° of north latitude: the frigid zone, indeed, appears to be their natural climate. They are, however, pretty numerous on the coast of Labrador, which is many degrees to the southward of the arctic circle; but the climate there, especially in the winter, seems to be but little, if at all, inferior in point of severity to that within the circle in question: so that the Polar regions may, taking these circumstances into consideration, be still regarded as their natural clime. They live chiefly on the ice, along the coast, watching the seals as they come up. Although they generally keep within sight of the land, there are instances of their being met with on the ice, so far from the coast as to be quite out of sight of it. One instance of this kind came under my own observation, in the year 1818; for, during the passage of the first expedition home that summer, we passed an iceberg in Baffin's Bay, on which there was a large White Bear, at such a distance from the land, that it could not be seen at the time. And last voyage, we killed a Bear in the month of June 1819, on the ice, so far from the land that only the tops of the mountains, on the

* Mr. Alexander Fisher, Surgeon, R.N. whose Narrative of the first Voyage went rapidly through several editions, as that whence these selections are made would also, in all probability, have done, had the MS. been returned from the Admiralty at a period early enough to induce its printing and publication.—Ed.

west side of Davis's Straits, were visible above the horizon: the nearest land, indeed, was estimated at the time to be from thirty to forty miles off.† I ought to mention, however, that the space between us and the land at that time appeared to be all covered with ice; but its continuity was, in my opinion, by no means necessary to induce the animal to venture thus far from the coast; since we have had several opportunities of observing, that they take to the water as readily as if it was their natural element. We killed two, during the first voyage to these regions, swimming about in the open sea, at the distance of four or five miles from the nearest part of the coast, and about the same distance from the ice to seaward, to which we supposed they were going at the time. I have, moreover, remarked, in all the instances which came under my observation, that they immediately took to the water when pursued: on one occasion, in particular, I saw one of them making its escape in this way, under very disadvantageous circumstances; for, on being pursued, he leaped off an iceberg into the water, at a place which, if I remember well, was supposed to be between forty and fifty feet high. What distance they go inland, I am unable to say; but I do not recollect of having ever seen any traces of them farther than three or four miles from the sea-coast; nor do I recollect having heard of their being seen by any other person farther inland than I have just mentioned. As they derive their food from the sea, it is but natural indeed that they should live either on it, or in its immediate vicinity: for the land, I suspect, affords them but little if any sustenance, since all the animals that inhabit these regions are too nimble ever to fall a prey to them (bears) under ordinary circumstances. The seal, I believe, constitute their principal article of food; they are said, however, to attack the walrus sometimes with success; but I understand that they generally fail in these encounters. In the summer, those that live along the shores of Greenland have frequently an opportunity of feasting on the putrid carcasses of the whales that float about in these seas during the whale-fishing season. Some of them are said to grow to the enormous size of twelve feet in length; but I am inclined to think that from eight to nine feet is their usual size; for, besides seeing a considerable number of them, I have had an opportunity of taking the dimensions of three, all of which appeared to be full grown, and yet none of them measured nine feet in length; as may be seen from the following Statement:—

	Bear killed by H.M. hired Vessel, Alexander, Davis's Straits, Sept. 10, 1818.	Bear killed by H.M.S. Hecla, Davis's Straits, July 11, 1819.	Bear killed by Hudson's Straits, July 20, 1821.
Length from snout to tail	ft. in. 7 8	ft. in. 8 2	ft. in. 8 2½
Circumf. round the middle of the body	6 0	6 0	7 11
Do of the neck	3 3	3 3	3 4½
Do of the fore leg	1 8	2 5	1 11
Do of the hind leg	1 10	2 4	1 9
Height from the sole of fore paw to top of shoulder	Not taken.	4 6	4 9
Weight	113 lbs.	85 lbs.	107 lbs.

† This distance, however, is but a mere trifle to that which they have been known to go from the land; for I understand that they have been found on floes of ice, upwards of two hundred miles from the nearest coast. Those, indeed, that travel, or float on fields of ice, from Greenland to Iceland, must go at least that distance.

‡ After the carcass was weighed, it was found that the captain's bar, used as a weighing beam, was not slung exactly in the middle; therefore it is possible that the animal was not quite so heavy as here stated.

"It has been said, that they pass the winter in a state of inactivity, retiring into caverns, or into dens which they form in the snow, where they subsist for months sucking their paws. § Singular as this account may appear, I shall not venture to question the truth of it in some cases; but I must at the same time remark, that we have had two or three opportunities, this voyage, of observing that they do not invariably pass the winter in the manner above described;—having seen them roaming about in the months of December and January, which may be considered the severest part of the season; and we know that the Esquimaux at Igloolik killed some every month,—nay, I may venture to say, every week during the whole winter. They attack them first by their dogs; and whilst they are thus engaged, the men march up to them, and kill them with their spears, or large knives, which they always carry about with them. In these encounters, the Esquimaux do not always come off with impunity: I have not heard, indeed, of any of them losing their lives, but many of them carry the marks of the wounds which they received from their fierce antagonists. These accidents do not seem, however, to occur very often; for, notwithstanding the number of Bears that were killed at the Island of Igloolik, in the winter of 1822-23, I did not hear of a single person being hurt by them. The Esquimaux eat their flesh; and of their skins they make good warm clothes, which, I imagine, must last much longer than the deer-skin dresses, because the fur of the former is much stronger, and firmer set in the skin, than that of the latter."

Wolf, &c. next week.

† If such instances as these ever occur, I imagine it must be in places where there is no open water for them to procure food from.

‡ The flesh of two rats, that we killed in the autumn of 1822, was eaten by our people, who found it to be very tender and palatable; and in appearance it looked so well, that it might be very easily mistaken for veal.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

MR. MOORE AND JOHN BULL.

It is a dreadful thing in the Republic of Letters when any of the leading members, the Aristocrats as they may be called, quarrel with each other, or differ in opinion. We are led to this remark by observing a very important opposition of sentiment between two distinguished authorities, the Editor of the *John Bull* Newspaper, and the Editor of *Moore's Almanack*! The former is exceedingly alarmed for the Protestant Religion, in consequence of the decent ceremonies observed in translating from one place to another in France, the mortal remains of a Popish King, James II., the last of the Stuart race of reigning monarchs.—"The end" of such "a system of liberality and conciliation," says the watchful writer, "if publicly persisted in, will be the loss of every thing which we have been taught to hold most dear as CHRISTIANS and ENGLISHMEN." Being much frightened by this dread prediction, we immediately flew to the older and not less decisive prophet Francis Moore, and were calmed by finding the following to be the aspect of the planets within a few weeks of the same date. "The benevolent planet Jupiter is now a Cardinal sign in the house of ♄, and is saluted by the friendly presence of the sun, which gives encouragement to those clergy that are promoters of the true religion

here, and to the affairs of the reformed Protestant religion in foreign countries."

Thus are the signs of the times quite differently interpreted by the greatest writers; and when there is *acres dissidium autum*, particularly *inter duos periculis ingenii viros*, we know not what course to take, except to point out the discrepancy, and leave it to the anxious public to reconcile it as favourably as possible.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

LANDSCAPES.

Such loveliness as this hath unto me
But as a dream? *6993hai*

The Glen.

It was a little glen—a solitude—
By Nature fashioned in her gayer mood:
There was so much of sunshine in its shade;
Such pleasant music from the brook, that made
Its way o'er pebbles, shining white, like pearls
Amid some royal maiden's raven curls.
It had no distant prospect: The blue sky
Closed like a dome o'er the sweet sanctuary;
And forest trees, like pillars, girt it round,
Whose branches, summer tapestry, swept the
And then there was a little open space, [ground;
Enough to mirror on the water's face
A glimpse of the bright heaven. Upon its banks
Grew the sweet thousands of the harebell's ranks,
Amid white daisies, that, like light and air
And hope and love, are common every where;
And like a couch spread the voluptuous heath,
Scenting the air with its Arabian breath.
And all was silence,—save when the wild bees,
Intoxicate with their noon revelries,
Murmuring, kiss'd the blossoms where they lay;
Or when the breeze bore a green leaf away;
Or when the flutter of the cusha's wing
Echoed its song of plaintive languishing—
The music of complaint it filled the grove,
A mingled tone of sorrow and of love.
On one side of the brook a willow tree
Grew drooping, as if foredoomed to be
For aye a mourner,—as but made to wave
A sign and shadow o'er some maiden's grave.
Who with some deep and inward secret pined,
Till the pale beauty of her youth declined;
And still her secret with her life was kept,
Till both together in the dark grave slept—
And then they said 'twas love. But in this spot,
Whence cure departed, and where grief came not,
It drooped, but not in grief, but as it meant
To kiss the ripples over which it bent.
'Twas just a nook for happy love to dream
O'er all the many joys and hopes that seem
To its fond vision like the bursting flowers,
Whose opening only waits the summer hours;
And yet, with all it breathes and blooms of June,
Not this the spot that I would seek at noon—
It has too much of happiness.

The Lake.

The last pale light was on the sky,
That comes when summer sunbeams die;
An amber wave, with just a surge
Of crimson on its utmost verge;
And, spread beneath, like a green ocean,
With not one single wave in motion,
Stood a thick wood; then far away,
Dark outlined in the sky's clear gray,
Rose mountain-heights, till, to the eye,
They gloomed like storm-clouds piled on high.
Upon the other eastern shore
Grew, in light groups, the sycamore—
Gay with the bright tints that recall
How autumn and ambition fall;
Alike departing in their hour,
Of riches, pride, and pomp, and power.
And in their shadow the red deer
Grazed as they had no hour of fear;
As never here a bow was drawn,
Nor hunter's cry rose with the dawn.
Near, like a wilderness of bloom,
Waved the gold banners of the broom—

Light as the graceful maiden's shape,
And sunny as the curls that 'scape
From the blue snood with which her care
Has had such pride to braid her hair.
The Lake was that deep blue, which night
Wears in the zenith moon's full light;
With pebbles shining thro', like gems
Lighting sultana's diadems:
A little isle laid on its breast,
A fairy gift in its sweet rest.
There stood a convent once—bright eyes
Wasted their light, soft lips their sighs.
Oh! who can say how much each cell
Has known of youth and hope's farewell—
Of midnight's vigil, when each prayer
Laid all the burning bosom bare,
Of those who bowed not down to sleep,
Of those whom they none saw weep?
Or it might tell of those who sought
The peacefulness of holy thought—
The broken heart, the bleeding breast,
That turned them to a place of rest.
All is forgotten: There is not
More than trace to mark the spot
So holy once: just a stained stone,
Broken, and with gray moss o'ergrown;
A fragment of a shattered wall;
One fallen arch; and these are all.
Wild roses, with their summer glow,
Are tenants of the island now;
Perhaps thus springing fresh and fair
Upon the graves of those who were
Once lovely as themselves.

L. E. L.

BIOGRAPHY.

LIVING LITERARY CHARACTERS.—NO. I.

"Damnosa quod non imminet dies?
'Ætas parentum, pejor avis tulit
Nos nequiores, mox daturos
Progeniem vitiosiorum."—*Hor. l. 3. od. 6.*

It is a melancholy reflection, that there appears in every community a general warfare between those who are leaving the world and those who are about to enter into it; the former have not yet resolved to give up all interest in its concerns, and wish still to possess that influence which former exertions had put into their hands; the latter, feeling that they are now to be the rulers of their own actions, are too eager to burst through the restraints of authority, and treat the cautions of age as the timid and frigid counsels of dotage, or the natural offspring of disappointment and chagrin. Mutual disgust ensues, and the querulousness of age and the peticancy of youth are complained of with equal justice.

There is, however, this difference between them; every year will improve the wisdom and add to the consequence of the young, while the old often sink into neglect by reason of their being too tenacious of that authority which they are now no longer able to exert.

CAPTIOUS is now advancing towards old age, and has unfortunately met with disappointments that have soured his temper and set him at enmity with the world; he compares those days when the world had its charms, and his prospects were unclouded, with the present, when he is unfortunate and unhappy. The result of the comparison is natural: his whole heart is fixed upon the notions, manners, and customs of old times; he views every modern innovation with impatience and distrust, and thinks the present taste every way distempered, particularly in literature: a youthful genius cannot put forth its hopeful buds without the blasting reception of being announced as an ignorant pretender; and those writers which are the prevailing favourites, he is continually persecuting with the most rigid and censorious

examinations. Byron and Moore meet with total condemnation from him; but, though they justly deserve the severest censure which the moralist can cast upon them, it must be owned they have great poetical abilities, and by no means merit what indeed is the just due of a very small part of mankind, unqualified disapprobation.

That which keeps him at variance with the world at large makes him equally quarrelsome with individuals: he is particularly disputations upon all subjects. Should any one casually mention a passage in a poet, as worthy of admiration, he will suddenly criticise it with the nicest minuteness, and, with great appearance of candour, presently demonstrate that it is absolute nonsense; whereas, had the same lines been disapproved, he would have immediately vindicated them by an elaborate panegyric, and would have closed with a long dissertation on the abuse of criticism, especially if the passage should happen to be taken from Shakespear, whom he considers infallible.

Classically he despises, and is ever railing at those who, "because they know Latin and Greek, set up to be the arbiters of fame and the controllers of genius." Of course, those authors who have ventured to introduce a little of their erudition into their writings, have no great share of his estimation: I have more than once heard him speak contemptuously of Gray, and call Milton "nothing but a pedant." Perhaps this strange inclination to rob merit of its due and to find fault with what is generally admired, may not seem wholly unaccountable when I declare that CAPTIVUS is an author of considerable celebrity, and, though a great genius, but a very middling scholar.

There is another part of his character, which is not so easily to be explained—he is excessively incredulous: if you tell him of some kind expression of friendship which you have received, he will smile ironically, and observe, that "Friendships are soon made now-a-days." After hearing, with chilling indifference, an account of your exertions on, and hopes concerning the success of, any particular pursuit, he will frigidly *hope you may not be deceived*: in the one case, he will lecture you on the weakness of trusting to professions, and believing that a man will lay down his life for you because he makes you a fair promise; and in the other advises you not to believe that the wealth of the Indies will pour into your coffers, because you are likely to gain a petty pecuniary advantage: you are made impatient by being cautioned against indulging feelings which have not even entered your mind, and leave him irritated and dissatisfied rather than improved by his captious admonitions.

His conduct, when he argues, is also very displeasing; indeed, it should be called an attack, not an argument. When any thing is said which he does not fully agree to, he will not suffer the speaker to finish his sentence, but catches him up immediately, before he rightly understands what is intended to be said; and having concluded a tedious and violent course of observations, will give his opponent time to reply, not that he may defend or explain himself, but only seize upon something which may afford him an opportunity of making a fresh attack.

Thus, by an unfortunate inclination to cavil at every thing he hears, he wears his friends, and deprives society of properly estimating those talents and virtues with which

heaven has plentifully gifted him: if he would consider that acknowledging the merit of others is not detracting from his own, and that by repining at their prosperity he adds to his own unhappiness, his strong natural sense and goodness of heart would soon enable him to overcome a failing, which, by encouragement, may become a detestable vice.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

HORE MONOMIENSES.—LETTER VIII.

THE morning after my arrival in Dublin, I called on my friend Pat Seeteh. He was not at home; but I understood he might be found at the Dublin Society House, Kildare Street. There indeed I did find him, surrounded by good casts of the Elgin Marbles, and alternately recurring from their god, the Theseus, to a good cast also of the Farnese Hercules; and this, as I afterwards understood, for the purpose of assisting the birth of some strange creation with which his brain was then its full time gone. He sprang to shake my hand, overturning a drawing-desk, chalks, and port-crayons, that now only stood in his way. I requested his aid to develop the then immediate place, as the puzzlers call it, of his friend Mr. O'Regan; and, after appearing to think a second, he touched his forehead and hurried me off. We came, as he informed me, to the Dublin Library, in D'Ollers Street, pushed into the news-room, and, as if by instinct, Seeteh picked out from a group of loungers about the fire-place, a grave seeming man; who, with his back turned to the grate, his hands behind his back, and a deliberate see-saw motion of body, appeared, with great composure in his own face, to be playing at will the risible muscles of those around him. We were introduced: O'Regan bowed like a Mandarin, and we issued out together to look at the town. One month exactly I remained in Dublin under the pupilage of my worthy friends; one month we strayed through the county Wicklow; and then commenced our true internal campaign. From the metropolis again, a canal boat pleasingly beguiled us of an uninteresting tract of country, depositing us at Athy, a smart town in the County Kildare, which is occasionally honoured by a sitting Judge of Assize. Hence we took a south-west course towards the heart of the County Kilkenny, on the backs of three sprawling horses, our seats being similar to those we might enjoy in an inverted rain-bow. They contrived however to transport us to Canticomir, a considerable village, overlooked and governed by the stately mansion of the Countess Dowager of Ormond; and there we divorced ourselves from them and our guide, and joining hands at the serious proposition of O'Regan, vowed, like classic pilgrims, to walk the whole extent of our picturesque tour.—So, behold us with portfolio and knapsacks hanging at our backs, and note-books and shillelachs in hand, attracting an universal stare of astonishment at every mile of our way. O'Regan carried, though we did not guess it till evening, three bottles of Potteen whiskey, more compactly adjusted than Gilpin's "bottle at each side;" and I know not why I should have omitted to inform you that a servant of his, as great an original as his master, brought up our rear with a hand-basket of choice and tangible things, under which he limped along, a short pipe in his mouth, and an alternate curse at our bye-roads or hedges and ditches, or a growling good thing shot off in proper volumes of

smoke, as often issuing through his clenched teeth. I must say a word of this Man-Friday of ours, Peery, as his master calls him, which appellation is, I take it, a local corruption of Pierce.—Peery, then, is a middle-sized fellow, between fifty and sixty, inclining to the latter perhaps, straight as a ram-rod, with a pair of squeamish good legs, of which he is not a little proud, a measured pace when he has the city flags or even a smooth road under him, and a round, lumpish, featureless face, which good humour and peevishness, endurance and impatience, sway by turns. He has been an old volunteer; a corporal of artillery to the "Kilkenny Rangers," and this accounts for his stiff peculiarities of person and manner. Other marks of the old soldier are about him, for I can understand that these volunteer gentlemen may really be called soldiers. He wears a tight knee small-clothes, and short black spatter-dashes, that come a little above the ankle, buttoning close to do common justice to the small of the leg. Then he has turned the old oil-silk covering of his helmet into a bag for his hat, and from this union results an uncouth bundle of head-gear, which he has borne about on rainy days in the city, and on country excursions in all weathers, for nearly the last forty years. It looks not unlike a bronze vase turned upside down, and just rescued from the ashes of Herculaneum. One of Peery's privileges is to announce the hour of the day; and when he is roused towards this office by his master's command, the ensuing operation is rather amusing. He stops short with a "Ha!" then slowly "pulls a dial from his poke," desiring it, by the quaint name of "tell truth," to come forth and declare. First appears a leathern purse suspended by a steel chain, and carefully tied with a running-string; after due precaution he takes this off; and then you see a large round machine, of I know not what metal, as it is mounted with some kind of green compost; and at last, looking at it as it reposes on the palm of his hand, with compressed lips and brows and "lack-lustre eye," Peery "Says, very wisely, it is ten o'clock."

After which the bag is again tied on, and the whole apparatus cautiously returned to its dwelling-place. He has thus carried this ante-diluvian watch since his sixteenth year, at which time it was bequeathed to him, bag and all, by a grand uncle in the north, and Peery walked to the north to claim it. O'Regan never laughs at his invaluable man, and I can divine that he would not sell him for worlds. Before dinner Peery is dry and hard as a sea-biscuit, and you only get bits of him now and then, which chip off like particles of that same biscuit: but, still to keep up the comparison, soak him well in whiskey-punch, and he softens and expands, and becomes palatable.

Since I have so far wandered away with this strange fellow by the hand, I may continue my ramble in his company, particularly as you will find him versed in some matters I could not get so well from any other source. One of our first skirmishing walks about Dublin was to the Phoenix Park. My friends pointed out the site of a memorable review of nearly the whole body of Irish volunteers; and Peery, after listening gravely to our observations, came, in with his own explanation and anecdotes at last. What he had to say involved the character and prowess of his native corps; and we were treated with a prefatory account of them, which, linked to

the after scenes in which he put them into particular action, forms, I may say, an interesting picture of that remarkable time, and of the national spirit that stamped it. Let me try if I can collect Peery's own words.

"I ought to know the ground well. That day the Kilkenny Rangers took the right o' the field, an' I was corporal an' bombardier of the Artillery, an' auld Bob Holmes was our captain. The Cork Blues thought to have id, an' wheeled past us. But they knew little about id, or the boys they had to deal with either. There was proud blood an' desperate hearts in the Rangers. They were well known at home in their own town an' county. Before they riz (rose) up, there used to be such things as theevin' an' stallin' in the country parts, but I'll be bound little was hard (heard) in id a month or so after. The best rid id all was, that when we had no thieves to hunt we went out fur the sport o' the business; fur the Rangers liked sport; an' give 'em a crisp frosty road, an' plenty in 'em, good fellows together, with their muskets on their shoulders an' free quarters afore 'em—the Lord knows where, only somewhere at last, you may be sure,—an' the devil a better divarition they'd ax. To tell God's truth, they might as well have the robbers alone; fur, from the Lord's cellar down to the ould woman's hen-roost, sorrow a much was spared after all the good they done. An' so these were the lads, with ould Lord Ormond an' all the Butlers at their head, an' their ranks made up in estated gentlemen, an' the young an' the stout in the whole neighbourhood,—an' to spake honestly between ourselves, some o' the most finished scape-graces you'd maybe wish to see; these were the lads that the Cork Blues thought to put a wan side that day. Bad look to the finer set o' fellows ever marched into a field. Every man had the gettin' in his own clothin', an' all did their best; an' every cap, coat, an' feather, that mornin' was bran new. Beside, as it was dry summer weather, and we had only to turn out in Dublin into this Park, every man wore his white cassimir small-clothes, white silk stockings, an' dancin' pumps. Into that gate we came, our drums beatin' an' our colours flyin', an', as I said afore, or somethin' like id, our Cornal an' Officers the handsomest men you'd pick out in three counties. We were in first, an', as we said we'd do id, we took up the right-hand place in the field, an' then, as I could you, the Blues came in, and were marchin' a-head on us. 'Halt there!' cries our Cornal as they passed, an' he rode out with his Officers, and comin' up to the Cornal o' the Blues, the Blues halted, an' the Officers discoursed together. While they were talkin', we were doin'. On went our bayonets, an' every man put in a ball cartridge, out in his private pouch that we always carried about us. Myself was at the head o' the line with my two long pounders, an', without sayin' much, I took out my flint an' steel, an' let a spark fall on the match-ropes. My Officer came to me, an' 'Never better done, Peery (says he), where's the key of the ammunition-box?'—'I think I have id,' says I, showin' a thing like id at the same time.—'Right (says Captain Bob,) open id, Peery; an' the first leg they put afore another, send 'em your compliments.'—'I will, Captain, as civilly as I can,' says I.—By this time we were all faced about, right forment the Munster men, who didn't seem to like how we behaved ourselves, an', I believe, thought at last we might just as well have

our own frolic. At all events they fell back, an' we led the day.

"I'll tell you a matter about the Rangers. After the review was over—that is, in a few days after—we were for marchin' home, an' passin' through Dublin, there was a halt in Thomas-street, somehow or other. As we stood on our arms, a poor fool of a bailiff stepped up to the ranks, and tippin' Tom Kavanah, told him he was the King's prisoner.—'No, (says Billy Comeford,) he's the King's volunteer soldier an' a gentleman, and that I'll make you know;' so he stretched him with the butt-end in his musket.—The poor devil tumbled among the ranks, an' one axed him what he wanted there, an' another, an' another; an' there was a bayonet sent through his body each time. We got the word to march, an' every man stamped his foot on the bailiff as we passed, givin' him something else along with it. I saw his corpse afore we left the street, an' I do 'nt think his mother 'ud know him if she met him. An' these were the men it was so ay to take the lead from in the Park: an' they were some of exactly the same men that the Parliament called saviours of their country to-day, and armed traitors to-morrow; God for ever bless that Parliament, wherever it is, for sayin' so."

Behold a specimen of my friend Peery's traditional lore. The last anecdote with which he has furnished me is sufficiently shocking: but it serves to show the determined and daring spirit of these famous Volunteers; the desperate identity of cause and feeling between them; and, above all, their uncontrolled mastery at that period in Ireland;—for, as I can authentically learn, if a dog, and not the poor fool-hardy bailiff, had been bayoneted, less notice could not have been taken of the matter.

OSCAR.

DRAMA.

COVENT GARDEN.

This splendid Theatre resumed its performances for the Winter Season on Monday last. The play was *Romeo and Juliet*; but we did not observe any thing of novelty either in the appearance of the house, or the cast of the Tragedy. C. Kemble was as usual the best of Romeos, and Miss Kelly's Juliet is still marked by the same beauties and the same defects as heretofore. The Pantomime of *Poor Robin* followed, and seemed highly acceptable to a very noisy assemblage in the galleries. *As You Like It*, with additional music, and *Der Freischütz*, are announced as speedily forthcoming.

DRURY LANE opens on Saturday the 16th instant.

Summer Theatres as per last.

POLITICS.

The entrance upon the duties of governing by Charles X. has been accompanied by acts which seem to be agreeable to all parties—at least, publicly blamed by none. Paris is meanwhile one grand spectacle, and while there are sights to see, we expect no discontent there. Greek news is really becoming so farcical that we abstain from any report. Mexico is apparently settled by the death of Iturbide.

VARIETIES.

Northern Expeditions.—The Newfoundland papers of 24th Aug. mention that the Snap surveying vessel had left the Griper off Cape Sedley with the Arctic Land Expedition,

which was prevented by the ice from prosecuting its course farther. Despatches at the Admiralty, however, are said to announce that the Griper was at the entrance of Hudson's Straits on the 4th August, and about to proceed on its voyage, being expected to reach Repulse Bay about the beginning of September.

Baths in London.—The National Bath Company is reported to have obtained the royal permission (should the plan be realized) to erect one of its grand baths, as a termination to Portland-street, in the Regent's Park. Three of the other great depôts are projected,—in the centre of Leicester-square, in the centre of Moorfields, and on a site near the banks of the Thames. We are not informed that the King has actually consented to the first of these propositions, but it certainly has been made. The Marine Company, whose chief object is to introduce salt-water bathing to the Metropolis, also proceed in maturing their excellent plan.

The foundations of a Roman villa, with tessellated pavement, &c., have been uncovered at Wigginton.—*Oxford Journal.*

The Newspaper Translations.—Translations from the French are sometimes done into English (as the English are into French) by persons who have an imperfect knowledge of the language from which they translate. In the papers of Wednesday last, we find that M. Villele seeing the *arreté* which ordered the Exchange to be closed, &c.; and further we find that the King's heart and entrails were placed in leaden vases covered with *vermillon*! The French word is *vermeil*, meaning not exactly vermillon, but silver gilt.

There are a number of pictures which belong to the city of Orleans, among which many productions, presented by the Minister of the Interior, are conspicuous. In addition to these, the Comte de Bizemont lately presented the city with a fine Portrait of Pope Calixtus III., attributed to a celebrated painter of the Venetian school. This portrait (adds the French journalist) has a peculiar interest for the Orleansais; the memory of Jeanne d'Arc having been purified under the pontificate of Calixtus III., who, by a brief of the year 1455, ordained the reversal of her sentence.

Mnemonics.—"Children, (said a certain professor in an academy at Paris, the other day to his pupils,) can you tell where Joan of Arc was born?" They were all silent, because none of them knew. "Well, (said he,) she was of Dom Remy, near Vaucouleurs; but now, you hare-brained rogues, how will you recollect Dom Remy? First of all, in order to remember the *Dom*, you must take care to recollect the Spanish title, which is prefixed to the names of nobles—for example, Don Quixotte; and as for *Remy*, it will be easy for you to impress it on your memory, by thinking of Saint Remy, Archbishop of Rheims, who anointed King Clovis. Now let us see whether you remember: Julia, where was Joan of Arc born?" "At Dom Remy," "Very well: and who was Archbishop of Rheims when King Clovis was crowned?" "Don Quixotte."

Anagram.—Mr. Mead, in a letter to Sir Martin Stateville respecting the assassination of the Duke of Buckingham, notices that the Anagram of John Felton is No Flies not, (the h being dumb.)—*Ellis's Letters*, vol. 3. p. 265.

The Fly Catcher.—A Correspondent of the Morning Post, apparently an Amateur in

